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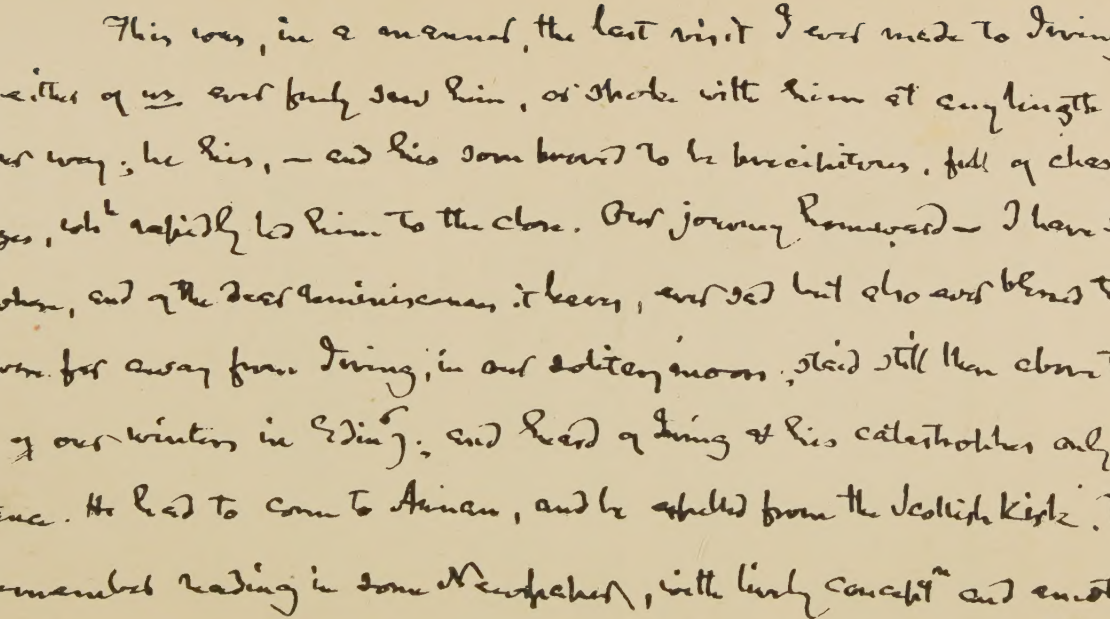

FACSIMILE OF CARLYLE'S HANDWRITING IN 1867, AT THE AGE OF 72.

See " Reminiscences," Norton's Edition, ii., p. 208 ; Froude's Edition, i., p. 323.

Carlyle's Handwriting : " After his hand began to shake, it became harder to decipher than the worst manuscript which I have ever examined." " I had to work at them [the ' Reminiscences '] with a magnifying glass, and in many hundred instances I was at a loss to know exactly what particular words might be."—J. A. FROUDE in " My Relations with Carlyle."

See also plate facing p. vi.

THE NEMESIS OF FROUDE

A REJOINDER TO J. A. FROUDE'S "MY RELATIONS WITH CARLYLE," BY SIR JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE, M.D., AND ALEXANDER CARLYLE

JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD
LONDON AND NEW YORK. MDCCCCIII

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PREFACE

In the Prefatory note to "My Relations with Carlyle," by James Anthony Froude, it is stated by the Editors, Mr. Ashley A. Froude and Miss Margaret Froude, that it would never have been given to the world had not the production of the "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," with the serious charges contained in the Introduction and Foot-notes, appeared to demand its publication. But the serious charges referred to, although no doubt rendered more serious by the fresh evidence in their support brought to light in the "New Letters and Memorials"—evidence which Mr. Froude had suppressed—were not in any case new charges, but the mere repetition of charges which were first made twenty years ago, and which are not really traversed by "My Relations with Carlyle." Mr. Froude attempts to explain his superabundant verbal inaccuracies, but has not a word to say in answer to the grave charges brought against him, of giving garbled extracts of documents and omitting of set purpose such portions of them as did not fit in with his own views, of contravening again and again the solemn injunctions imposed on him by Carlyle, of making claims to advantages to which he was not entitled, of

refusing to implement an unconditional promise, and generally of producing a Biography elaborated with the art of the practised romancer in which the true features of the subject can scarcely be recognised, but in which assertion and inference, unsupported by evidence, are palmed off for correct statement. On all these points he has allowed judgment to go by default. His defence consists in the accentuation of what he had already said derogatory of Carlyle, with the addition of fresh charges against him of a very odious description, which, had they been true, should in decency have been kept concealed, but which, being groundless, as we hope to prove, reflect discredit on those who have rashly, or in the spirit of retaliation, thrust them prominently forward. That Mr. Froude ever decided to keep silence on these charges we take leave to doubt.

As early as 1881 Mr. Froude, in a letter which appeared in the *Times* of May 6th, alluded to reasons which he could not give "without entering on a subject on which it is better to be silent," and added that he would be sorry if the difficulty of his task was "increased by a demand for further explanations which I shall be very reluctant to give." He was at once challenged by Mrs. Alexander Carlyle in the *Times*, to satisfy the curiosity he had awakened by his reference to "hidden reasons and explanations." To this challenge he made no reply; but on the 20th of April, 1886, when he heard that Professor Charles Eliot Norton was about to publish the "Early Letters of Carlyle,"

I call him a natural man; singularly free from all manner of affectation: he was among the last of the true men, which Scotland (on the old system) produced, or can produce; a man healthy in body and in mind; fearing God, and diligently working in God's Earth with contentment hope and unwearied resolution. He was never visited with Doubt; the old Theorem of the Universe was sufficient for him, and he worked well in it, and in all senses successfully and wisely (as few now can do). So quick is the motion of transition becoming: the new generation almost to a man must make "their Belly their God"; and alas even find that an empty one. Thus curiously enough, and blessedly, he stood a true man on the verge of the Old; which his son stands here lovingly surveying him on the verge of the New, and sees the possibility of also being true then. God make the possibility, blessed possibility, into a reality!

FACSIMILE OF CARLYLE'S HANDWRITING IN 1832. AT THE AGE OF 37.

See "Reminiscences," Norton's Edition, i., p. 5; Froude's Edition, i., p. 8. See also Frontispiece.

he wrote to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, drawing attention to the passage in Mrs. Carlyle's Journal relating to "two blue marks on the wrist," and hinting that this secret might have to be revealed. Again, in 1896, there was a threat to publish "My Relations with Carlyle," merely because Mr. Alexander Carlyle had requested that a private letter by Mr. Froude to Mr. McPherson, which was published in his short Life of Carlyle, should not be allowed to appear in a second edition, lest it should involve a renewal of the old controversy about the papers. On this occasion Mr. Leman, Mr. Ashley Froude's solicitor, wrote as follows: "Mr. Froude's representatives have no desire to re-open any controversial questions in relation to Mr. Thomas Carlyle, but I know that there is in existence a Memorandum by the late Mr. Froude written in anticipation of any further controversy on the lines of the former one (the main point in which is however known to me and I believe to a few other people), which, if published, would throw perhaps an unexpected light upon the whole business, and materially justify what he has written and printed."

It is clear that this Memorandum, which was found in a despatch box after Mr. Froude's death, but which, it is said, he had shown to no one, has not been kept altogether private by his representatives, but has been held in readiness for a convenient moment for that publication which Mr. Froude, notwithstanding his alleged decision to remain silent, had obviously all along contemplated and intended. Towards the end of the Memorandum he writes,

"If I have now told all it is because I see that nothing short of it will secure me the fair judgment to which I am entitled. . . . The whole facts are now made known. . . . I have nothing more to reveal."

It is to be regretted that "My Relations with Carlyle" was not published at an earlier period, for many persons, who could have refuted statements contained in it, have passed away; still, even now, Carlyle's friends rejoice that it is brought forth, so that they are enabled to grapple with allegations against him, for which Mr. Froude has made himself responsible, but which so long as they remained impalpable rumours it was impossible for them to deal with. The rumours reflecting on Carlyle, which can be now traced to their source, at first mere gaseous gossip, have become gradually congealed and glued to his name with many offensive accretions, and there are certainly multitudes of persons amongst us who believe that he was, as represented in Mr. Froude's posthumous Fragment, a man of transcendent ability, but selfish, over-bearing, cruel, and contemptible. To show, as we hope to be able to do, even at this late hour, that Mr. Froude was wrong—that he believed a myth, betrayed his trust, and must himself take the place of the man he has so unmercifully pilloried, will supply as striking an example as modern literary history affords of what the Greeks called "Nemesis" and Carlyle the "Justice of God."

THE NEMESIS OF FROUDE

THE NEMESIS OF FROUDE

Mr. Froude's account of his relations with Carlyle, found written in pencil in a notebook after his death, was prepared while he was in Cuba in 1887, and he had not therefore, while writing it, access to the correspondence and documents bearing on the matters with which he dealt. One would have thought that in composing a vindication of himself in connexion with his discharge of a trust which he was accused of having betrayed — a vindication which he bequeathed to his children that they might have something to rely on should his honour or good faith be assailed—he would have desired to consult authorities and to verify every statement he made; but that was not Froude's way of going to work. It its obituary notice of him the *Times* said: "He was not a student, in the real sense of the term; he had neither the desire to probe his authorities to the bottom nor the patience to do so. . . . It is said that at the time when Froude was busy on the part of his history where Burleigh plays a leading part he was invited to stay at Hatfield and make an examination of the masses of Cecil papers there preserved—at a time, it must be remembered, before the Historical Manuscripts Commission had published any of them—and that Froude went, and

stayed one day. . . . Scholars who read his brilliant sketch of Cæsar can see plainly that he had never properly read Cicero's letters, or not many of them. When he visited the West Indies, with a view to writing his 'English in the West Indies,' he preferred to sit in the shade reading Dante rather than to see for himself the institutions of Jamaica, about which, he told his host, he knew enough already. And, most noteworthy of all, though he visited Simancas and stayed some time there, it is unquestionable that he learned comparatively little about the records there preserved." True to his usual method, in writing "My Relations with Carlyle," Froude disdained the assistance of records or witnesses, but trusting entirely to his memory and imagination, in the intervals of his study of Dante and while absorbing the history and institutions of Cuba at the pores, produced an Apology which is itself in need of an apologetic. There is scarcely one line of Froude's pamphlet that does not require correction or qualification, and the general impression it creates is as wide of the truth as it is possible to be. A paragon of errors, Froude has never shown himself more inaccurate. Never has his treacherous memory more signally beguiled him or more indubitably proved itself to have been an organ, not for retention and reproduction, but for transformation. It did not, like other men's memories, yield up what it had appropriated, but a special secretion of its own. In Carlyle's case it was supplied with heart's blood and has given out bile. The honoured master, the old familiar friend has been converted into a

grotesque monster compounded of strength and weakness, dignity and deformity. The pamphlet is made up of the writhings of wounded egotism and of virulent attacks on the character and conduct of the man whom he had extolled as a great spiritual teacher. Having first assassinated the reputation of Carlyle, Froude now mutilates the remains. Whatever merits his Life of Carlyle possessed—and no one denies it some merits—are now destroyed by this posthumous pamphlet. Having drawn a portrait of Carlyle possessing at least some more or less distant resemblance, he has deliberately thrown a pailful of liquid lampblack over it and rendered it irrecognisable as the portrait of anything human.

It is to be regretted that Froude's paper, "My Relations with Carlyle," has not been published exactly as it was found in the despatch-box after his death. The first few pages have been withheld, because they are "of too intimate a nature to be given to the public;" but that may be truly said of the whole essay, and it is clear that Froude himself had drawn no distinction of this kind, but had anticipated that all of what he had written would be published. It may be assumed that the omitted pages would not in any way have strengthened his case against Carlyle, but they might have supplied the means of testing the fidelity of his narrative in matters of great personal moment, in respect of which, even a recreant memory rarely goes astray. The epitome of some of the omitted matter given as an introduction to the essay undoubtedly suggests that, in the interests

of veracity, omission was advisable. It is the object of this epitome to show that Froude could have no earthly motive to misrepresent Carlyle, to whom the crisis of his life was due and in submission to whose teachings he had made great personal sacrifices. But the facts quoted in support of this contention will not bear critical examination. "He [Froude] had taken deacon's orders, and looked to the Church as his regular profession. So much as a doubt," he tell us, "had so far never crossed his mind, of the truth of the creed in which he had been brought up." "It was at this time," he says, "that Carlyle's books came in my way. They produced on me what Evangelicals call 'a conviction of sin.' . . . They taught me that the religion in which I had been reared was but one of many dresses in which spiritual truth had arrayed itself, and that the creed was not literally true so far as it was a narrative of facts." It seems a pity to have to overthrow such a moving little bit of autobiography, but the tyranny of dates makes it untenable. It was in 1841, at Falmouth, that Carlyle's books first came in Froude's way, when they were brought to his notice by John Sterling, and at once arrested his attention, and it was not until 1844 that he took deacon's orders. He has himself told us in "The Nemesis of Faith," that it was the "French Revolution," which he read in 1841, that first stirred his conscience, so the alternatives are these: either he is wrong in saying that it was Carlyle's books that undermined and overthrew his faith, or he took deacon's orders after his faith

was disintegrated, and went on assuming faith when he had it not, for he preached a funeral sermon in St. Mary's Church, Torquay, in 1847.

For the purposes of "My Relations with Carlyle" Froude has clearly exaggerated Carlyle's early influence over him. He would have us believe that it was this influence which led him to give up his fellowship and abandon his orders, and which changed the whole current of his life, but it would not be difficult to show that many other influences contributed to shape his career. When he tells us now, that it was Carlyle's writings which first made him "realise the meaning of duty and the overpowering obligation to do it," we must remember that he wrote to Hallam, Lord Tennyson, "I owe to your father the first serious reflexions upon life and the nature of it." When he tells us now, that it was Carlyle's writings that deprived him of belief in the facts of his creed, we must remember that he has previously stated that it was his studies for the Life of St. Neot, which Newman had invited him to write, that put the breaking strain on his credulity. Goethe, Lessing, Neander, Schleiermacher, the Tractarians and the Evangelicals had all a hand in the making of Froude, whose views underwent a gradual development. Not till long after he had definitely left the Ark of the Covenant, could he find a twig on which to settle. Carlyle's doctrine ultimately obtained the ascendency in his mind, but his personal influence was not brought to bear on him until 1849, when he was introduced by Spedding, not perhaps until 1860 when he settled in

London and was admitted on friendly terms to the circle at Cheyne Row.

In the first instance Froude, according to his own account, was repelled by Carlyle's objurgations and demeanour. "He denounced everybody and everything!" and although Froude was of opinion, being then apparently in a damnatory mood, that this wholesale denunciation "was intensely true and right," he felt "that it would be impossible to live with him on equal terms." Carlyle, on the other hand, must have been powerfully attracted to Froude, for, contrary to what was ever known of him in any other case, he forced his acquaintance upon him: so Froude tells us. He called on him, wished to see more of him and invited him to be his companion in his walks and rides; and as it would have been ungracious to reject such advances, Froude grasped the proffered hand and was placed on a friendly footing in Carlyle's home, where he seems to have begun at once to make those unfavourable observations which have dimmed and defaced his Biography of his host, and which are marshalled with relentless candour in his posthumous pamphlet.

That Froude himself frequently begged to be admitted to the Cheyne Row household is certain. Mrs. Carlyle has placed a photograph of him in her album, and pasted underneath it a characteristic cutting from a letter in Froude's handwriting which reads, "May I come to tea on Friday?" Introduced into closer relations with the life at Cheyne Row he could not help becoming acquainted, he

tells us, with many things which he would rather not have known, but which he has carefully treasured up against the day of wrath.

First of all it was borne in upon Froude that Carlyle had an ungovernable temper which caused much domestic unhappiness. "Rumour said, that she [Mrs. Carlyle] and Carlyle quarrelled often, and I could easily believe it," he added, "from occasional expressions about him which fell from her." Farther on he states explicitly that they quarrelled fiercely and violently, and by various allusions throughout his paper he seeks to convey the idea that they lived a cat and dog life, owing mainly to Carlyle's fractious, impatient and selfish disposition. "In Carlyle's catalogue of his own duties self-restraint seemed to be forgotten." But Froude and rumour cannot on this question stand against the phalanx of witnesses on the other side. Almost without exception, the other intimates of the household at Cheyne Row, who had as good opportunities of judging as Froude and perhaps more discernment than he, take a directly opposite view and testify to the generally amiable terms on which Carlyle and his wife jogged along together. Moncure Conway observed that "when Carlyle's mood was stormiest, her voice could in an instant allay it: the lion was led as by a little child." "In the conversation which went on in the old drawing-room at Chelsea, there was no suggestion of things secret or reserved; people with sensitive toes had no careful provision made for them, and had best keep away; free, frank and simple speech and inter-

course were the unwritten but ever-present law. Mrs. Carlyle's wit and humour were overflowing, and she told anecdotes about her husband under which he sat with a patient look of repudiation, until the loud laugh broke out and led the chorus." Emerson wrote in his Diary, "Carlyle and his wife live on beautiful terms. Their ways are very engaging and in her book-case all his books are inscribed to her as they come from year to year, each with some significant lines." Professor Masson placed on record that, "One of the pleasantest sights in the Cheyne Row household, on a winter evening, was Carlyle himself, seated in a chair by the fire, or reclining on the hearth-rug, pipe in mouth, listening benignantly and admiringly to those caricatures of his ways, and illustrations of his recent misbehaviours, from his beloved Jane's lips. Insufficient appreciation of the amount of consciously humorous, and mutually admiring give-and-take of this kind in the married life of the extraordinary pair, both of them so sensitively organised, has had much to do, it seems to me, with that elaborately studied contrast of them which Mr. Froude has succeeded in impressing on the public." "The notion of Carlyle," says Masson, referring to Froude's portrait of him, "as in any sense a misanthrope, a hard-hearted man, a mere raging or railing egotist, is one of those absurdities, those perversions of the actual truth into its very opposite, which arise not from mere insufficiency of knowledge, but from a moral incapacity of understanding anything unusually complex in character, and a malevolent predetermination

to resist evidence." And yet, once at any rate, Froude himself seems to have had some inkling of the truth which Masson insists on, for in one place in the "Life of Carlyle" he speaks of Mrs. Carlyle "telling stories at her husband's expense, at which he laughed himself as heartily as we did,"—a behaviour on her part somewhat difficult to reconcile with her condition as depicted in "My Relations with Carlyle," as a poor, dejected, down-trodden woman, whose "pale, drawn, suffering face" haunted Froude in his dreams. It was "exquisitely painful," he says, to see this bewitching woman suffering through her husband's neglect and violence.

Amongst others who have borne generous testimony to the cordial and affectionate terms on which the Carlyles lived may be named Tennyson, G. S. Venables, Mrs. Oliphant, John Tyndall, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy and A. J. Symington; but their testimony, strong and weighty as it is, and that of a host of other responsible witnesses who might be summoned, cannot elucidate the true conjugal relations of Carlyle and his wife half as clearly and convincingly as the letters which they wrote to each other, during the forty years of their wedded life. Enough of these have been already published to put it beyond a shadow of a doubt that, from their first acquaintance to the end of their days, they were united by almost unbroken trust and love which only deepened as the end drew near. Conscious that these letters, if referred to, must reveal the hollow mockery of the grim Cheyne Row tragedy he had set himself to compose, Froude attempts to

discredit them, by quoting Mrs. Carlyle as saying that her husband's letters were written for his biographer. Where did she say so? Not in her replies to these letters, which are full of grateful acknowledgment and sympathetic response. The remark, it is to be suggested, must have been made in one of Froude's imaginary conversations with her, or if it did actually fall from her lips, it must have been ironical, for the letters, as she well knew, came from the fulness of the writer's heart, and were meant for no eye but hers. We have Froude's authority for it, that until long after his wife's death Carlyle was resolved that no express biography of him should be written; and here we have the man who tells us that the task of biography was ultimately confided to him, insinuating that Carlyle in his familiar correspondence with his wife, while denouncing "the brute of a world," was posing for future generations. But Mrs. Carlyle's letters, the sincerity and spontaneity of which Froude would be the last to impugn, even more strikingly than her husband's, bring out that their matrimonial pathway, if not all strewn with flowers and free from rough places, was on the whole felicitous, and that they never parted hands while journeying along it. They had their little differences and misunderstandings and sometimes their sharp encounters. What married pair has not? What man of genius and his wife ever escaped them? Who has proposed a competition for the Dunmow Flitch after forty years of wedlock? Mrs. Carlyle was prone to take offence and could speak daggers. Carlyle, as he

said of his wife's grandfather, had a hot impatient temper, breaking out into fierce flashes as of lightning, if you touched him the wrong way, but they were flashes only, never bolts. But on the whole they were happy and contented with each other, and it is impossible now to determine which was more to blame for any disagreements that varied the monotony of their existence. Carlyle has chivalrously taken most of the blame for these on himself, but hear what Jane says referring to one little quarrel that occurred on one occasion between them. "Nothing less than a devil (I am sure) could have tempted me to torment you and myself as I did that unblessed day. Woe to me, then, if I had had any other than the most constant and generous of mortal men to deal with. Blessings on your equanimity and magnanimity." Even the idolatrous Miss Jewsbury admits that Jane was provoking; and this is certain, that she was very well able to take care of herself, and that Froude's vision of her as the sweet, forlorn, submissive spouse of an irritable, inconsiderate and violent husband, is either the illusion of an exuberant imagination or the creation of a malicious caricaturist. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald says: "I used often of a Sunday to go and talk with the late Mrs. Forster, who was a shrewd and very observant lady. She met all her husband's many friends and knew a great deal. I remember her talking much of the Carlyles and their *ménage*, and once I said—albeit a friend and admirer of Thomas—that she must have had a rough time. Mrs. Forster smiled, and said, 'Don't

you believe all that! She was rather an actress, and liked to pose as a martyr, talking of her sufferings and getting sympathy. I assure you *he* was the great sufferer.'" Lady Eastlake wrote in her "Letters and Memorials," "Mrs. Carlyle interested me; she is lively and clever, and evidently very happy."

In view of what Froude tells us as to the "Niagaras of scorn and vituperation" which Carlyle poured out for hours together in his wife's presence, one would have thought that it would have been a relief to her to be left alone and that she must have thanked Heaven when her husband shut himself up in his sound-proof room. But not at all. Froude will not have it so. This was an additional grievance. "She was very much alone." Carlyle, whom Froude is now, with tears in his eyes and a tremor in his voice, unveiling to us as the thoroughly bad man he was, was not only violent to his wife but neglectful of her. He was engrossed in his own pursuits, "she rarely saw him, except at meal-times. She sat by herself in her drawing-room, either reading or entertaining visitors who bored her and of whom she dared not ask him to relieve her." She was a sad, solitary, stricken woman; the glaring absurdity of all which may perhaps be best demonstrated by recounting the ordinary routine of daily life at Cheyne Row.

Carlyle rose at 7.30, had his bath and went out for a short walk. He breakfasted about 9, and after smoking a pipe, reading the newspaper (when he took one in, which was not always), and convers-

ing with his wife, he retired to his study. When he was engaged in writing anything, he worked steadily till 1 or 1.30, when he had his luncheon while Mrs. Carlyle dined, his luncheon being light and consisting generally of a cup of beef-tea or a biscuit and a glass of sherry. Then he went out walking, accompanied by his wife when she was able to walk. When he had a horse, he rode for two hours in the afternoon, getting in an hour before dinner which was generally at 5 or 6, but the hour was frequently changed. Before dinner he was joined by Mrs. Carlyle, who talked to him and told him the news of the day while he was dining and while he lay on the sofa, when the meal was over. After dinner, when they were not invited out, they spent the whole evening together, reading or chatting with any guests who chanced to call. This was the general routine, but when he was not engaged in any special task, Carlyle rarely retired to his study, but read beside his wife. And sometimes even when he was writing she was his companion. He says: "Wife and I sat together in the library-room, as the warmest, all the time I was writing 'Scott.'"

Now, is it not apparent that Froude has again attempted to mislead his readers in representing Mrs. Carlyle as being left much alone by a callous husband, careful about his own interests and nought else, and that as a matter of fact she had more of her husband's society than married ladies of a certain age generally have? Beyond the riding exercise, which he took with a view to the main-

tenance of his working power, on which his bread depended, Carlyle had no pursuits or amusements apart from his home. He was not a club-man or sportsman or billiard-player. He spent his leisure at his own fireside with his wife and friends, and it was his wife's own choice if she did not accompany him on his very occasional excursions into society at Bath House or Addiscombe. His visits to Scotland were made that he might see his kindred or recover his health, and during them he wrote to his wife daily, not laconic notes, but richly effusive letters, which she so hungered for, that she had an hysterical attack if the post failed to bring one. What modern husband does as much? How many twentieth-century wives can boast of as much uxorial devotion?

Mrs. Carlyle was no Mariana in a Moated Grange, dreary and deserted, but a highly appreciated wife, whose complaint was that she had too much and not too little society. "So long as I am in what the French call 'my room of reception,'" she says, "it never occurs to me to feel lonely." "It is odd," she remarks, in another place, "what notions men have of the scantiness of a woman's resources. They do not find it anything out of nature that *they* should exist by themselves, but a woman must always be borne about on somebody's shoulders, and dandled or chirped to, or it is supposed she will fall into the blackest melancholy!" "I have as much society as I like, but I prefer none when I am ill."

But Mrs. Carlyle had other interests and enjoy-

ments beyond those which society afforded. She keenly relished the management of her little household and the conquest of those practical problems which, for many years, their limited means made difficult of solution. She had been brought up to take part in household work; she revelled in economic contrivances, and even her "earthquakes" or annual cleanings brought her a grim satisfaction. But here again the lugubrious Froude shakes his head. She was "a household drudge," quoth he, and in saying that in "My Relations with Carlyle" he is merely disinterring those old misinterpretations of his which were killed and buried long ago.

It was in connection with the life at Craigenputtock that Froude first made this charge. He depicted that as one round of menial drudgery for Mrs. Carlyle, unsolaced by more than an occasional word of encouragement, sympathy, or compassion from her husband. "Every household duty fell upon her, either directly, or in supplying the shortcomings of a Scotch maid-of-all-work She had to cook, to sew, to scour, to clean; to gallop down alone to Dumfries if anything was wanted; to keep the house, and even on occasions to milk the cows." The story of the hard time this poor woman had to pass at Craigenputtock, Froude derived from Miss Geraldine Jewsbury's recollection, and he had the effrontery to adhere to it and to introduce it into the "Early Life" after he had himself published Carlyle's denial of it, generally and in detail.

"Geraldine's Craigenputtock stories," Carlyle wrote, "are more mythical than any of the rest.

Each consists of two or three in confused exaggerated state rolled with new confusion into one," and then he goes on to show that his wife's participation in any of the menial occupations enumerated by Froude must have had a spice of frolic or adventure in it, as there were a servant and milk-maid and farm men at call, zealous to help the young couple. He states explicitly that the happiest and wholesomest days of their married life were these seven years spent at Craigenputtock, where his helpmate made the desert blossom and converted into a fairy palace "the wild moorland home of the poor man." And in all this he is fully borne out by the testimony of that helpmate herself. Her letters, dated from Craigenputtock, are bright as the unpolluted sunlight on the mountain, breezy as the atmosphere that undulated around her; lucent and hopefully babbling like the streams that hurried to the valley below. And more than that, they teem with expressions of joyous satisfaction with her lot, and contain direct contradictions of every one of Froude's allegations. To "this dreariest spot in all the British dominions," as Froude, with pitiable topographical insensibility, described it, she was glad to return from Edinburgh and from Templand when visiting her mother; and from it, after four years' experience of it, she wrote to Miss Eliza Miles, "For my part I am very content. I have everything here my heart desires that I could have anywhere else, except society, and even that deprivation is not wholly an evil. . . . My husband is as good company as reasonable mortal could desire. Every fair

morning we ride on horseback for an hour before breakfast. . . . Then we eat such a surprising breakfast of home-baked bread and eggs, etc., etc., as might incite anyone that had breakfasted so long in London to write a pastoral. Then Carlyle takes to his writing, while I, like Eve, 'studious of household good,' inspect my house, my garden, my live stock, gather flowers for my drawing-room, and lapfuls of eggs and finally betake myself also to writing, or reading, or mending, or whatever work seems fittest. After dinner, and only then, I lie on the sofa, and (to my shame be it spoken) sometimes sleep, but oftenest dream waking. . . . In the evening I walk on the moor and read. Such is my life." And one is tempted to ask what was wrong with it, in the case of a young Scotchwoman, reared in the frugal home of a country doctor, whose husband was earning his living by his pen, and, as she even then knew, laying the foundation of a great reputation ?

To Miss Stodart Mrs. Carlyle wrote: "Indeed, Craigenputtock is no such frightful place as the people call it. . . . I read and work and talk with my husband and am never weary. I ride over to Templand [to see her mother]. Grace Macdonald [that is Froude's Scotch maid-of-all-work with her short-comings] is turning out a most excellent servant, and seems the carefullest, honestest creature living." . . . "The fact is I have no delight in cows, and have happily no concern with them," and so on. Every statement that Froude made about the Craigenputtock life has been specifically traversed

by Mrs. Carlyle herself, and yet, knowing this, he ventured to put them forward, and although his attention was called to their incorrectness he never had the grace to withdraw them. As was her manner, Mrs. Carlyle often dilates with mock and merry consternation on her housewife difficulties, and amplifies into haystacks the molehills that obstructed her path, but no one with a milligram of humour could take these sallies seriously. Looking back on these old times when she was ill and depressed, the far slanting shadows may have darkened them and caused her to speak of them with repugnance and gloom, but the chronicles she has left of them prove that they were full of healthful activity and tranquil happiness.

Froude does not refer to the Craigenputtock stories in "My Relations with Carlyle," but he still represents Mrs. Carlyle as a household drudge in London, thus repeating a thrice-refuted fallacy. The care and direction of her small establishment was no heavy burden to her, and to have attempted to relieve her of it would have been to give her pain. "Perfection of housekeeping was," said Carlyle, "her clear and speedy attainment," and as a woman takes pride in doing that which she can do well, Mrs. Carlyle gloried in her marketings, and mendings, and lustrations, and recounts, with exquisite burlesque, her experiences of her domestic servants. That she had for many years only one servant was her own choice; her husband urged her to have two, but she long resisted his entreaties, and when at last she yielded to them she was miser-

able until the second servant was got out of the house. "So I am now mistress of two servants," she wrote, "and ready to hang myself. Seriously the change is nearly intolerable to me, though both these women are good servants, as servants go. But the twoness! The much ado about nothing!" In all domestic affairs it was she and not her husband who restricted expenditure. "With great difficulty," he writes, "I had got her induced, persuaded, commanded to take two weekly drives in a hired brougham (more difficulty in persuading you to go into any expense than other men have to persuade their wives to keep out of it)." Instead of being "a household drudge," she had often not enough to do, and it might have been an advantage to her if, in the absence of children, she had taken up some definite employment. For serious literary work she had not sufficient persistence. The letters were brilliant spurts, but a continuous flow she could not maintain, although her husband gave her every encouragement. In 1842 he wrote to her: "My prayer is and has always been that you would rouse up the fine faculties that *are* yours, into some course of real true work which you felt to be worthy of them and of you. . . . I will never give up the hope to see you adequately *busy* with your whole mind, discovering, as all human beings may do, that even in the grimmest rocky wilderness of existence there are blessed well-springs, there is an everlasting guiding star. Courage, my poor little Jeannie." In July of the same year he wrote to his brother Alick: "Jane is still altogether weakly,

but she grows better; time alone can alleviate that kind of sorrow [the loss of her mother]. She is left very lonely in this world now; her kindred mostly gone; very few of the people vaguely called 'friends' worth much to her! It would be better for her also if she had more imperative employment to follow: a small portion of the day suffices for all her *obligatory* work, and the rest, when she cannot *seek* work for herself, is apt to be spent in sorrowful reflexions."

Having shown to his own satisfaction that Mrs. Carlyle was on the one hand bullied by her husband and on the other neglected, Froude next proceeds to assure us that she was sarcastic when she spoke of him, "a curious blending of pity, contempt, and other feelings." And no wonder, if Froude is right; but in a matter like this we cannot entirely depend on his *ipse dixit*, and, until some one can point out a single utterance in any one of Mrs. Carlyle's writings betokening pity or contempt of her husband, we shall believe that Froude is once more indulging in one of his imaginary conversations. She had a sharp tongue: angry words about her husband sometimes escaped her. He and she now and then no doubt exchanged taunts in private, and in company they chaffed and quizzed each other unmercifully, but that she ever expressed pity and contempt for him, to one of his professing friends, behind his back, is unbelievable. Why, pride in him was the mainstay of her life. "Thanks, Darling," writes Carlyle, "for your shining words and acts, which were continual in my eyes, and in no other

mortal's. Worthless I was your divinity; wrapt in your perpetual love of me and pride in me, in defiance of all men and things." "She had from an early period," wrote her sorrowing husband, "formed her own little opinion of me (what an Eldorado to me blind, ungrateful, condemnable, and heavy-laden, and crushed down into blindness by great misery, as I oftenest was), and she never flinched from it for an instant, I think, or cared or counted what the world said to the contrary (very brave, magnanimous, and noble truly she was in all this), but to have the world confirm her in it was always a sensible pleasure which she took no pains to hide especially from me." She was an honourable woman and a faithful wife, and could not have been guilty of the treachery that Froude ascribes to her. In 1846, after twenty years of married life, when all her husband's faults and weaknesses must have been known to her, she wrote to him: "I have grown to love you the longer, the more, till now you are grown to be the whole universe, God, everything to me, but in proportion as I have got to know all *your* importance to me, I have been losing faith in my importance to you." Is this pity and contempt?

It was necessary to show some ground for Mrs. Carlyle's alleged pity and contempt of her husband, and so Froude reduces him to the rank of a miserable egotist and valetudinarian. He suffered, he admits, from dyspepsia and want of sleep, but whereas his wife "was expected to bear her trouble in patience, and received hints on the duty of submission if she spoke impatiently, he was never

more eloquent than in speaking of his own crosses." He himself, Froude opines, "had really a vigorous constitution. He never had a day's serious illness. He used to ride and walk in the wildest weather." Carlyle was therefore in point of fact a malingerer, or a robust invalid, selfishly and querulously vexing those around him by his unmanly appeals for sympathy in his purely imaginary ailments. Hypochondria in Froude's eyes is a sort of sick-robe, put on for toilet purposes, and that can be laid aside at pleasure. He never himself suffered from it, but he ought to have remembered, even in his eagerness to prove Carlyle an impostor, that many other men of genius have suffered in exactly the same way. Hypochondria is, indeed, a frequent accompaniment of great intellectual activity. That Carlyle had naturally a fine constitution may be inferred from the age to which he lived, but length of days is not incompatible with a suffering existence. The active exercise he took was essential to alleviate the irritability of the nervous system, which his strenuous work induced, and he was, from first to last, one of those workers to whom production was not facile but arduous and exhausting. Hypochondria is a terribly real disease; often, as all medical men know, involving more distress than graver and more mortal maladies. Dyspepsia and insomnia combined, as literary men do not require to be told, may prove afflictive and incapacitating to an extraordinary degree. They have driven many a man of rare ability and promise to madness and suicide, and that Carlyle did not succumb to them, in the

concentrated form and inveterate type, in which they attacked him, is evidence of his fortitude and will power. From his twenty-fourth year until his work was laid aside they never left him alone, and there can be no question that they often caused him what he called torture and purgatorial pains. The dyspepsia was set up by the ill-cooked and somewhat scanty food supplied to him when he was living in lodgings in Edinburgh on 15*s.* a week, and in Kirkcaldy on £60 a year, out of which he helped his family, and bravely working his way, and the insomnia followed in its train, when he began to overtax his brain. Froude makes light of Carlyle's sufferings, and in order to bring him into contempt hints that he roared loudly when little hurt. The many doctors he consulted did not think so, nor did his wife, who best knew what he endured, and was unflagging in her sympathy and efforts to devise alleviations. He grasped at all feasible remedies, and even for some years gave up smoking, his chief solace, in the hope of obtaining relief.

But while Carlyle was in Froude's view shamming, Mrs. Carlyle was really suffering poignantly from the effects of his cruel and inconsiderate treatment of her. "In 1862," says Froude, "her health finally broke down, and there came on that strange illness which doctors failed to understand, or if they understood it, they did not venture to speak plainly" —a sentence which includes two erroneous statements and an unwarrantable reflexion on Mrs. Carlyle's medical advisers. The final breakdown in her health occurred not in 1862, but in 1863,

and was the immediate result of shock and injury sustained in a serious street accident in the City. Her illness was not at all strange, and was well understood by her doctors as the culmination of a nervous affection, the seeds of which were born with her, fostered by her bringing up, and brought to full growth and fruition by the circumstances of her life. Her doctors would not have hesitated to speak plainly had they agreed with Froude that it was her husband's "wild irritability" that had shattered her nerves; and how utterly reckless Froude's assertions are may be realised when we read a few lines further on in his pamphlet that these doctors whom he had just accused of poltroonery "insisted as a first necessity on her separation from him [her husband], the constant agitation of his presence and the equally constant provocation which his forgetfulness and preoccupation made incessant in spite of efforts, taking away all hope of amendment while the cause remained"—a statement which is equally erroneous with all the rest. The doctors never insisted on Mrs. Carlyle's separation from her husband, and never attributed her condition to his irritability. "By everybody it had been agreed," wrote Carlyle, "that a change of scene (as usual when all else has failed) was the thing to be looked to: St. Leonard's as soon as the weather will permit, said Dr. Quain and everybody, especially Dr. Blakiston;" and it is remarkable that if the doctors regarded separation from her husband "as a first necessity," she was not removed to St.

Leonard's until March, 1864, although her illness began in October, 1863. That Mrs. Carlyle did not regard separation from her husband as either necessary or healing may be gathered from her tenderly affectionate letters to him from St. Leonard's. No sooner had she arrived there than she wrote to him, "Oh, I would like you beside me! I am so terribly *alone!*" "She had been again and again given up," says Froude, blundering on; but nobody ever gave her up, and she died ultimately, not from the nervous malady from which she was suffering in 1863, but from heart failure. She was, of course, despondent about herself, but that was an inevitable part of her illness, and the anxiety of her doctors was connected more with her mental than with her physical state. She said of herself, "The actual suffering if cleared of the aggravations of the Imagination would be nothing to make a fuss about." "Suddenly, as if from the grave," exclaims Froude, "she came back;" but the recovery which began in July, 1864, was very gradual, and was not complete until October of that year, if then. "She still mocked to me," goes on Froude, "about him [Carlyle], and the old resentment was there, though it showed itself less." If she did so, she must have been the most deceitful of women, for at this very time she was writing to her friends pouring forth her gratitude to her husband for his solicitous care of her. "I cannot tell you," she wrote to Mrs. Austin, "how kind and good Mr. Carlyle is!" "The injury had gone too deep," proceeds the sepulchral Froude. . . . "Her nerves had been so shaken by

her many years of suffering that some singular disease had developed itself, I believe, in her spine." But Mrs. Carlyle never had anything the matter with her spine, her nervous disease was in no degree singular, and had in it in its later stages a large element of hysteria, and she died, as we have said, of heart failure, from which she had suffered at intervals for many years.

No one can, we think, read Froude's account of Mrs. Carlyle's illness in the light of the explanations now given, without feeling that it was throughout calculated to create prejudice against her husband, whom he almost accuses of having caused her death. No one can read it and realise that it is typical of Froude's treatment of Carlyle in other matters, without understanding the indignation that his elaborate fabrications have induced amongst Carlyle's friends.

Froude set himself, in writing "My Relations with Carlyle," to improve on the mixed picture of the Life and to exhibit him as a hard, heartless man with no redeeming traits of character. "He made little of other people's sufferings," he says. But is this true? "Miss Martineau," says Professor Masson, "in her description of Carlyle from her own knowledge, actually singled out for special note, as that in his character which distinguished him most from all other men she had seen, his enormous power of *sympathy*. It was a most correct observation. No one who knew Carlyle but must have noted how instantaneously he was affected or even agitated by any case of difficulty

or distress in which he was consulted or that was casually brought to his cognisance, and with what restless curiosity and exactitude he would inquire into all the particulars, till he had conceived the case thoroughly, and, as it were, taken the whole pain of it into himself. The practical procedure, if any was possible, was sure to follow." This very Froude, who declares that Carlyle made little of other people's sufferings, had written elsewhere—he must have forgotten it—"I had not expected so much detailed compassion in little things. I found that personal sympathy with suffering lay at the root of all his thoughts ; and that attention to little things was as characteristic of his conduct as it was of his intellect." In another place he wrote—"No one, however, can read these letters [his letters to his wife] or ten thousand like them without recognising the affectionate tenderness which lay at the bottom of his nature." No one can recall the incidents of Carlyle's career, his contributions to one brother's education and to another's farming, when he was still poor and struggling, his frequent little gifts to his father and mother, his never-forgotten birthday presents to his wife, his exertions on behalf of the Misses Lowes, and scores of like acts, without recognising that he was a thoughtful, sympathetic and large-hearted man, and that Froude has cruelly maligned him. How did this man, who was, Froude tells us, in the habit of "bursting into violence at the smallest and absurdest provocations," comport himself at that terrible juncture when John Stuart Mill came to announce the burn-

ing of the first volume of the manuscript of the "French Revolution"? He never lost his composure, and the first words he spoke to his wife when Mill was gone were, "Well, Mill, poor fellow, is very miserable. We must try to keep from him how serious the loss is to us."

But not only, Froude would have us believe, did Carlyle shatter his wife's nerves and shorten her days, he also made cruel shipwreck of her faith. "She had accepted," he writes, "the destructive part of his opinions like so many others, but he had failed to satisfy her that he knew where positive truth lay. He had taken from her, as she mournfully said [when did she say it or where? save in one of Froude's imaginary conversations], the creed in which she had been bred, but he had been unable to put anything in place of it. She believed nothing. On the spiritual side of things her mind was a perfect blank; she looked into her own heart and into the world beyond her, and it was all void and desert; there was no word of consolation, no word of hope." It is strange that these teachings of Carlyle, which produced on Froude what he calls "a conviction of sin," which taught him the intense seriousness of life, and awakened him to the meaning of duty and the overpowering obligation to do it, and "saved him from atheism," as he has informed us, thus enlarging and bracing his existence, should have had such an opposite effect on Mrs. Carlyle, rendering her hopeless and void. One would have supposed that this thoughtful woman, the most brilliant and interesting Froude had ever

fallen in with, would have been influenced by Carlyle's doctrine very much as Froude himself was. But not so. What was *his* meat was *her* poison. Froude was redeemed, Mrs. Carlyle was cast into outer darkness.

Long before her marriage, Miss Jane Welsh had emancipated herself from the creed in which she was brought up. When she was still a school-girl at Haddington, so Froude tells us, "her tutor introduced her to 'Virgil,' and the effect of 'Virgil' and her other Latin studies was to change her religion and make her into a sort of Pagan." And a sort of Pagan she ever afterwards remained. Her words were as follows: "That my Latin studies pursued far too closely and strenuously for so young a girl had changed my religion, if I could be said to have one, is strictly true, and it wasn't my religion only that they influenced, my whole being was imbued with them." In giving this passage Froude has omitted, surely, we are entitled to say, has curiously omitted, the words, "if I could be said to have one," *i.e.*, a religion. The letter which she wrote to her grandmother, on the occasion of her father's death when she was eighteen years old, is a clear proof that she had then parted company with revealed truth, as taught in the Church of Scotland. She bows to the chastisement of the Divine Power, and acknowledges that the ways of the Almighty are mysterious; but there is not, in that letter, one ray of Christian faith or hope. No believing Scottish girl of the period could possibly have written such a letter under such circumstances.

That Miss Welsh had shed whatever faith she once possessed and had developed some of the unlovely traits of character which so often accompany that disrobement in a woman, long before she fell under the influence of Carlyle, is abundantly clear. In 1821, that is to say in the year in which Carlyle was introduced to her, we find Edward Irving expressing serious anxiety as to her spiritual state. He had laboured with all his energies to lead his pupil to think of Christianity as he did himself, but he had serious misgivings respecting her. "She contemplates," he wrote to Carlyle, "the inferiority of others rather from the point of ridicule and contempt than from that of commiseration and relief; and by so doing she not only leaves objects in distress and loses the luxury of doing good, but she contracts in her own mind a degree of coldness and bitterness which suits ill with my conception of female character and a female's station in society. . . . I could like to see her surrounded with a more sober set of companions than Rousseau and Byron and such like . . . I fear Jane has already dipped too deep into that spring, so that unless some more solid food be afforded I fear she will escape altogether out of the region of my sympathies and the sympathies of honest home-bred men. In these feelings I know you will join me." In 1822, Irving wrote to Miss Welsh herself, "Now it does give me great hope that God will yet be pleased to open your mind to the highest of all knowledge, the knowledge of his Blessed Son, and give therewith the highest of all delights, of being like his Son in

character and in destiny, when I see you not alienated from men of genius by their being men of religion, but attracted to them I think rather the more. I could wish indeed—and forgive me when I make free to suggest it—that your mind were less anxious for the distinction of being enrolled amongst those whom this world has crowned with their admiration, than among those whom God has crowned with his approval. . . . Oh, how few I find, my dear Jane, hardly have I found a single one, who can stand the intoxication of high talents or resist presuming to lord it over others."

In Carlyle's numerous letters to Miss Welsh, from his introduction to her in 1821 till their marriage in 1826, there is not a sentence calculated to inspire doubt, while there is much that ought to have exalted her moral nature, and after marriage his creed might have saved her from blank scepticism had she chosen to accept it. But she was a worldly little woman, and her Godlessness, until she was by severe illness brough back to some semblance of piety, was perhaps a rather disenchanting element in her character. Froude would have us believe that in relation to his wife Carlyle was an iconoclast and a faith wrecker, an atheist of the most blatant type. But what are the facts—the facts of things—as Carlyle would have had it? He was a fervid Theist, proclaiming the existence of God with as much earnestness and insistence as the inspired camel-driver of Arabia. He was an intensely religious man, who, while rejecting theologic dogmas and formulas, accepted Chris-

tianity in its ethical aspects, and was never tired of preaching truth, honesty, temperance, mercy, humility and God-fearing. He had the deepest reverence for the life and character of Christ as represented in the Gospels. He retained a conviction of the efficacy of prayer, and had a lurking belief in a Particular Providence, and a clinging hope of the immortality of the soul. When stricken in years he found that expression was best given to his spiritual needs in Pope's verses in the "Universal Prayer"—

> "Father of all! in every age,
> In every clime, adored,
> By saint, by savage and by sage
> Jehovah Jove or Lord!
>
> Thou Great First-Cause, least understood,
> Who all my sense confined
> To know but this, that Thou art good,
> And that myself am blind."

"Not a word of that," he wrote in 1868, "requires change for me at this time, if words are to be used at all."

Carlyle's creed might have given some support to Jane Welsh and filled up the blank in her mind had she been able to grasp it and believe that the Maker of all things will do right; but, as clever, self-sufficient women are apt to do when they have thrown away faith, she went to the extreme of scepticism. Perhaps if she had read "The Nemesis of Faith" she might have been cured of her doubts. That she was what she was, was no fault of Carlyle's. Had she remained in the fold in

which she was brought up, he would never have called her out of it, for he recognised that spiritual truth may have many different vestments. After his own re-birth we find him writing to his aged mother thus: "Often, my dear mother, in solitary pensive moments, does it come across me like the cold shadow of death that we two must part in the course of time. I shudder at the thought, and find no refuge except in humbly trusting that the great God will surely appoint us a meeting in that far country to which we are tending. May He bless you for ever, my dear mother, and keep up in your heart the sublime hopes which at present serve as a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, to guide our footsteps through the wilderness of life. We are in His hands. He will not utterly forsake us. Let us trust in Him."

Two years before her death, when his wife was visiting Dr. Russell at Thornhill amidst the scenes of her girlhood, Carlyle wrote to her: "What strange old days (sunk like old ages) you look out upon from your windows there, my poor heavy-laden little woman. Yes; but it is for ever true 'The Eternal rules above us' and in us and around us; and this is not Hell or Hades but the 'Place of Hope'—the Place where what is *right* will be *fulfilled*. And you know that, too, in your way, my own little Jeannie—and you will not and must not forget it; forgetting it one would go mad."

But all this was hypocrisy, Froude suggests. "I suppose," he remarks of Carlyle, "that his own inconsistencies interfered with the effect of his

teaching. He 'recked not his own rede,' and those whose practice falls short of their theories do not seem to believe really in their theories themselves." So Mrs. Carlyle knew her husband for an impostor, and laughed in her sleeve at his invocations of the Silences, the Eternities, etc. And yet of this very man, whom Froude thus estimates, in 1887, he had written to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle in 1880: "I have been reading over the letters to his mother and brothers. They are so admirable, and give so full a picture of his inner life—so consistent from first to last, that I think, when the 'Reminiscences' are published, these letters ought to form an accompanying volume. No life could be written which would furnish so complete a conception of him—of his own nature and of the circumstances under which he had to work."

We have thus far followed Froude in his pamphlet, "My Relations with Carlyle," and have found it really an exposition of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle's relations with each other. If we ask what the impression left by this exposition is, the answer must surely be that Carlyle, if Froude is to be believed, was a bully and a brute, selfish and vaporish, incessantly wrangling with his unhappy wife whom he neglected, ill-treated, compelled to engage in menial offices and alienated from religion, thus undermining her health and hastening her death. Fine phrases are all very well, but they cannot obscure the "facts of things," if they are facts, and when Froude tells us that he did not allow his reverence and admiration for Carlyle's

intellect and high moral greatness to be interfered with by what he saw and heard, we can only marvel at his moral obtuseness and his heedlessness in writing down his own condemnation. Nay, it must be said that if his tale is true, there was more than moral obtuseness in Froude's conduct; there was cowardly acquiescence in a flagrant wrong. For six years, by his own account, he stood by, consenting to the slow martyrdom of a woman whom he has described as bright and sparkling and tender and uttered no word of remonstrance or protest. He saw her involved in a perpetual blizzard and did nothing to shelter her. He witnessed at Cheyne Row the enactment of "a tragedy as stern and real as the story of Œdipus," but it was no business of his. It was enough for him to be admitted to the Cheyne Row tea parties and enjoy the brilliancy of the conversation. Froude's representatives must ultimately feel grateful to us for showing that he was not altogether as callous as he has endeavoured to prove himself to have been.

For what we have heard hitherto about Carlyle from Froude, Froude is himself responsible. For the general description of the life at Cheyne Row and of Carlyle's treatment of his wife, he has, in "My Relations with Carlyle," drawn entirely on his own reminiscences. We are expected to receive with faith his recollections of what he noticed and of the gossip he heard when admitted to Carlyle's family circle, which, with an unparalleled abuse of hospitality, he has made use of to sully

the good name of his host. No particular instance is recalled; no confirmatory evidence is quoted; no documentary corroboration is referred to. The charges rest on the unsupported testimony of an habitual blunderer.

But besides the general charges against Carlyle in connection with his treatment of his wife, which Froude has made, he has three specific charges to bring forward, and for these, while he has adopted and published them, he does not make himself directly answerable. They are grave charges. One impugns Carlyle's conduct in connection with his friendship with Lady Ashburton. Another traces the unhappiness of his married life to a physical defect under which, it is alleged, he laboured, and which made his marriage no marriage. A third accuses him of using personal violence to his wife. Each of these three charges rests exclusively upon the evidence of one witness, and in each case that witness is the same person, Miss Geraldine Jewsbury. The whole edifice of imputation which Froude has with so much ingenuity and apparent ingenuousness erected, rests solely on confidential communications made to him by this lady, and the first and most essential point to determine is her credibility.

Froude did not, of course, fail to realise this. He perceived that it was of paramount importance to his case that Miss Jewsbury should be believed, and he has therefore taken pains to show that she had the best opportunities of knowing what she spoke about, and was a faithful, guileless creature; and in doing this he has resorted to methods which

are certainly not characterised by an excess of scrupulosity. Mrs. Carlyle, he tells us, spoke and wrote of Geraldine Jewsbury as her Consuelo ; but if she did so, she must have used the appellation in an ironical sense, for their correspondence proves that she never took any bit of advice Miss Jewsbury offered, snubbed her peremptorily whenever she ventured to express an opinion, and looked upon her more as an exasperator than as a comforter. That they were often on terms of close intimacy is true. Miss Jewsbury was a gifted woman who had introduced herself to Carlyle by writing to him as one of his ardent worshippers and became a hanger-on of the Cheyne Row household. But her intimacy with Mrs. Carlyle was not of the sort which Froude would have us believe and which he indicates by the incorrect statement that Miss Jewsbury "was about Mrs. Carlyle's own age": the truth being that there were eleven years between them—Mrs. Carlyle having been born in 1801, and Miss Jewsbury in 1812. Miss Jewsbury was never admitted to the penetralia of Mrs. Carlyle's thoughts and feelings, but was kept waiting and serving in the courts without, and there was always an element of patronage and protection in Mrs. Carlyle's attitude towards her. Mrs. Carlyle was flattered by the worship she offered, and was grateful for the many delicate attentions she bestowed ; but from first to last she treated her as a weak and wayward being, destitute of discretion and good sense, and it is surely a significant fact that Froude deliberately suppressed every letter of Mrs. Carlyle's in which

her candid opinion of her friend is set forth. In the "Letters and Memorials" that Froude selected and edited, there is nothing reflecting unfavourably on Miss Jewsbury, whereas in the "New Letters and Memorials" may be found abundant proofs of the light esteem in which Mrs. Carlyle held her. She described her as a fussy, romantic, hysterical woman, a considerable fool, with her head packed full of nonsense, and nick-named her "Miss Gooseberry." "It is her besetting sin," she said, "and her trade of novelist has aggravated it—the desire of feeling and producing violent emotions." Miss Jewsbury's intrigues and love affairs are often contemptuously alluded to by Mrs. Carlyle. "Geraldine," she wrote, "has one besetting weakness. She is never happy unless she has a *grande passion* on hand, and as unmarried men take fright at her impulsive and demonstrative ways, her *grandes passions* for these thirty years have been all expended on married men." In another place she mentions that she was "openly making the craziest love to a man" who was engaged to be married, and in another that she was "in a frenzy over a letter from her declared lover, an Egyptian," who had one wife already, and in still another that she had herself allowed that she had "absolutely no sense of decency." And beyond all this Miss Jewsbury's feelings towards Mrs. Carlyle herself, which were well-known to Froude, were of a nature that should have made him pause before listening to her revelations on ticklish topics. They were highly extrava-

gant, and in some degree perverted. The manifestation by Mrs. Carlyle of some preference or supposed preference for another woman led on one occasion to a wild outburst of what Miss Jewsbury herself called "tiger jealousy," which, says Mrs. Carlyle, "on the part of one woman towards another it had never entered my head to conceive. I am not at all sure she is not going mad." Other instances of violent emotional perturbations over Mrs. Carlyle are recorded, and the language of Miss Jewsbury's letters to Mrs. Carlyle, preserved by Mrs. Ireland, is often highly charged and erotic. It is not customary for a woman of thirty-two years of age to write to her female friend, eleven years her senior, in such terms as these: "You are never out of my thoughts one hour together;" "I think of you much more than if you were my lover;" "I cannot express my feelings even to you—vague undefined yearnings to be yours in some way." Of delicate, nervous, highly-strung constitution, Miss Jewsbury became a morbid, unstable, excitable woman, constantly complaining of headaches and other ailments, and suffering from mental depression, for she chronicles of herself: "For two years I lived only in short respites from this blackness of despair. It is not sorrow; one could endure that. Oh, it is too frightful to talk about! The depression which falls upon one in a moment, enveloping one body and soul for hours or days, as it may be, and the horrid, lucid interval which we spend in dread of its return, knowing full well that it will come." All the

biographical details of Miss Jewsbury which we possess, and they are ample, establish that, notwithstanding her interesting personality, her brilliant conversational powers and fine literary talent, she was unreliable and erratic, or, as Carlyle summed her up, "a flimsy tatter of a creature."

In order to show that Carlyle placed some confidence in Miss Jewsbury, we are told by Froude that he "had requested Miss Geraldine Jewsbury, who had been his wife's most intimate friend, to tell him any biographical anecdotes which she could remember to have heard from Mrs. Carlyle's lips," and that after reading these he wrote, "Few or none of these narratives are correct in details, but there is a certain mythical truth in all or most of them." This in the original is as follows, being a letter to Miss Jewsbury: "Dear Geraldine,—Few or none of these Narratives are correct in all the details; some of them, in almost all the details are incorrect. I have not read carefully beyond a certain point which is marked on the margin. Your *recognition* of the *character* is generally true and faithful; little of *portraiture* in it that satisfies me. On the whole, all tends to the *mythical;* it is very strange how much of mythical there already here is! As Lady Lothian set you on writing, it seems hard that she should not see what you have written: but I wish you to take her *word of honour* that no one else shall; and my earnest request to you is that, directly *from* her Ladyship, you will bring the Book to me and consign it to my keeping. No need

that an idle-gazing world should know my lost Darling's History, or mine;—nor *will* they ever;—they may depend upon it! One fit service, and one only, they can do to Her or to Me: cease speaking of us through all eternity, as soon as they conveniently can." The words, "There is a certain mythical truth," etc., are transferred and altered by Mr. Froude from a subsequent passage, and Miss Jewsbury's Narratives, which nobody but Lady Lothian was to see, were of course published in full by Froude.

Of Miss Jewsbury's Narratives of his wife, Carlyle said that her accounts of her childhood were substantially correct, but as regards the rest "few or none are correct in all the details, some of them in almost all the details are incorrect." He subsequently refers to the Narratives as a "Book of Myths," and declares that they grow more and more mythical as they go on. "Geraldine's account of Comley Bank and life at Edinbugh is extremely mythic." "Geraldine's Craigenputtock stories are more mythical than any of the rest;" and it is upon these Craigenputtock stories, mythical of the mythic, that Froude based his primary indictment against Carlyle for his treatment, or rather maltreatment, of his wife.

And this Geraldine, this weaver of myths, this hysterical and irresponsible woman, is the sole witness he has to call in support of his serious charges against Carlyle, two of which are now for the first time brought to light.

It was in what may be called the "Ashburton

Affair" that Froude first invoked Miss Jewsbury's aid—an affair in connexion with which the injustice he has done Carlyle may be made clearly apparent.

His first knowledge of it—for he was never himself admitted to the Ashburton circle—came to him, he states, in 1871, more probably in 1873, when a large parcel of papers, including the Memoir of Mrs. Carlyle and her Letters, handed to him by Carlyle, led him to place himself in communication with John Forster, who told him a singular story. He told him, he says, "that Lady Ashburton had fallen deeply in love with Carlyle, that Carlyle had behaved nobly, and that Lord Ashburton had thanked him." Those who knew John Forster—a generous, straightforward man, trained and even sworn, as a Commissioner in Lunacy, to silence as to family secrets—will be chary in believing that, even had he been certain of all this, he would have communicated it to Froude, whose reputation for literary indiscretion was already established, and thus have compromised the reputation of a woman of high rank and brilliant ability, of whose hospitality he had often partaken. But as it turns out that he had and could have had no foundation for the defamatory statement, it may be taken as certain that he never made it. Familiar as he was with the usages of society, knowing as he did the terms of close intimacy on which the Ashburtons and Carlyles remained after her ladyship's alleged indiscretion and Carlyle's noble conduct, it is impossible that he could have harboured such a suspicion. His alleged communication to Froude on the subject, of which

no shred of corroboration can be adduced, may be set down therefore as one of Froude's imaginary conversations.

But even if John Forster had told Froude what he repeats, the introduction of the little bit of scandal into Froude's narrative is gratuitous and inexcusable. It was, he assures us, wholly untrue. Then why cause annoyance to Lady Ashburton's family and friends by referring to it at all? Merely to secure an antithetical effect. The story was not only untrue, but the opposite of the truth. It was not, Froude now informs us, Lady Ashburton who was deeply in love with Carlyle, but Carlyle who was deeply in love with Lady Ashburton. And here let us mark in passing an illustration of the unblushing inconsistency of our informant. "That Carlyle should have behaved nobly," he writes, "under such circumstances [that is in rejecting Lady Ashburton's advances] seemed extremely likely to me," and in the next paragraph but one he represents Carlyle as behaving with detestable meanness in making love to his friend's wife at the very time when he was accepting favours at that friend's hand. This is indeed characteristic of Froude's handling of Carlyle. He presents him to us as a bundle of contrarieties and incompatabilities and mutually destructive elements such as never lodged together in one human body.

It was not until 1871, according to Froude (or 1873, as we shall hereafter show), when he read Mrs. Carlyle's Journal, that the true inwardness of the Ashburton affair dawned on him. There,

he says, was the explanation of much of the bitterness that appeared in her letters; but writing in Cuba in 1887 he seems to have forgotten what he wrote in London in 1883, for then he unequivocally stated, in his note to the Journal, that he did not understand it and submitted it to Miss Geraldine Jewsbury, who supplied him with the version of the Ashburton affair, which he now adopts and sets forth as his own.

Froude had no personal knowledge of the Ashburton affair. Mrs. Carlyle's Journal remained dark to him. He invited Miss Jewsbury to let in the light on it, and she burned magnesium and strontium with dazzling and blinding effect. He unhesitatingly accepted this variety artist's interpretation of what was cryptic in the Journal, and in "My Relations with Carlyle" he presents it as his own without even mentioning Miss Jewsbury's name, and conveys the idea that it was in the papers placed in his hands that he himself found the solution of the Ashburton mystery. There he discovered, he would have us believe, that "Carlyle had sate at the feet of the fine lady, adoring and worshipping, had made himself the plaything of her caprices, had made Lady Ashburton the object of the same idolatrous homage which he had once paid to herself" [his wife].

That is a grave charge to bring against "a great spiritual teacher," and on the face of it somewhat improbable as brought against a man between fifty and sixty years of age, and of such a constitution that according to Froude he ought

never to have married. But let Froude call his witnesses. He has but one. Miss Geraldine Jewsbury steps into the box. "This flimsy tatter of a creature," as Carlyle called her, this hysterical woman, this practised romancer, this volume of "exaggerations and affectations and got-up feelings," is the sole prop of Froude's case. And how did he take her evidence? Not by asking her what she knew of the affair, but by sending her Mrs. Carlyle's private Journal, which she had kept locked up and never meant human eye to see, and asking her to read for him between the lines of the obscure passages. The task was no doubt a congenial one to Miss Jewsbury. She gave wings to her fancy. She had never been admitted to the real confidence of that sensible and discreet woman Mrs. Carlyle, but she had no hesitation in imagining that she had been behind the scenes and had seen the actors in undress. She accused Carlyle of having lingered "in the primrose path of dalliance" and of being "a philosopher in chains" to a great and capricious lady, and so subjecting his poor wife to "sufferings real, intense, and at times too grievous to be borne"

Froude instantly and implicitly accepted Miss Jewsbury's key to the Ashburton cypher. Forster's alleged story had to be put aside, and here, again, crops up Froude's inaccuracy. "What," he asks, "was the meaning of Forster's story? He died soon after, and I had no opportunity of asking him." But Miss Jewsbury supplied her key to the Ashburton cypher either in 1871 or 1873, and Forster died in 1876, and was vigorous to the last, and yet

in three or four years Froude could not find an opportunity of asking him to explain an entirely erroneous story, for which he had made himself responsible, and to clear up a point vitally affecting the character of the great man whose life he (Froude) had undertaken to write, and to write, as he is always assuring us, with such scrupulous fidelity. Was the penny post suspended? Could he not walk a mile, or spare a quarter of an hour? The truth is Miss Jewsbury's theory suited him exactly, being in harmony with his preconceived opinion, and he did not think it necessary to submit it to any close scrutiny. Carlyle lived for seven years after Froude was put in possession of it, and surely, in common justice, he ought to have been asked to confirm or contradict it. "I tried once," says Froude, "to approach the subject with Carlyle himself, but he shrank from it with such signs of distress that I could not speak to him about it again." Strange conduct this on the part of a man who during four years never walked out with Froude—and they walked out together twice weekly—without drifting back, so Froude tells us, into a pathetic cry of sorrow over things that were irreparable, and giving expression to a repentance that was deep and passionate. One would have thought that it would have been a relief to him to have made a clean breast of it to his father confessor. A repentance that consists of pharisaical generalities, and does not condescend to particulars, is not of the noble type which Froude affirms Carlyle's to have been; and it seems probable, therefore, that Froude's

approach to Carlyle on the Ashburton affair must be put down amongst the imaginary conversations, more especially as with others, Carlyle never in his declining years manifested the slightest disinclination to talk about his friendship with the Ashburtons. Never did Carlyle, in conversation or in his writings, even in the gloomiest hours of his bereavement, express the least sorrow or contrition, or blame himself in connection with his intimacy with Lady Ashburton. He always refers to it with pride; and there is, as Venables had justly remarked, "a total unconsciousness of any questionable conduct or feeling" on his own part. "Least of all, does he regret the long-continued friendship which at one time caused her [Mrs. Carlyle] so much discontent." No one can read Carlyle's moving note on the death of Lady Ashburton, without perceiving that he looked back on his friendship with her with no qualms of conscience:—"Monday, 4th May, 4½ P.M., at Paris, died Lady Ashburton: a great and irreparable sorrow to me; yet with some beautiful consolations in it, too." In annotating his wife's letters after her death, when in the full flood of his grief, and when remorse for any wrong done to her, if, as Froude affirms, it visited him, must have been tormenting his soul, he could thus write of the woman whom Froude points to as her rival in his affections: "The most queen-like woman I had ever known or seen. The honour of her constant regard had, for ten years back, been amongst my proudest and most valued possessions—lost now; gone—for ever gone! . . . In no society, English or other,

had I seen the equal or the second of this great lady that has gone; by nature and by culture *facile princeps*, she, I think, of all great ladies I have ever seen." In Mrs. Carlyle, a great change took place in her view of Lady Ashburton after that lady's death. She was then, in 1857, recovering in some measure from the morbid melancholy which was at its acme in 1856, and the scales fell from her eyes. Regarding Lady Ashburton's funeral, which Carlyle attended, she wrote, "All the men who used to compose a sort of *Court* for her were there *in tears*." As to her first visit to the Grange after Lady Ashburton's death, she wrote: "The same household of visitors; the same elaborate apparatus for living; and the life of the whole thing gone out of it! Acting a sort of *Play of the Past*, with the principal Part suppressed, obliterated by the stern hand of Death." She actually accepted from Lord Ashburton some of the belongings of his late wife, which she could scarcely have done had her feelings towards her continued as they were in 1856. "I wish you would thank Lord Ashburton for me," she wrote to her husband from Haddington; "I couldn't say anything about his kindness in giving me those things which she had been in the habit of wearing; I felt so sick and so like to cry, that I am afraid I seemed quite stupid and ungrateful to him."

But if Froude hesitated to sound Carlyle on the Ashburton affair and could not in three years find time to interrogate Forster, there were, at the time Miss Jewsbury's version of it was communicated to

him, various other ways of getting at the truth. Miss Mary Aitken, whom he at that time addressed in his letters as "My dear Mary," was living with her uncle, and had access to all his papers and could have helped him. Dr. John Carlyle, who knew more than any one else of what the married life of his brother and sister-in-law had been, was alive and could have settled the point. The second Lady Ashburton was alive, and could have resolved his difficulties. To not one of these did he apply. Not one of them is he able to quote. To none of Mrs. Carlyle's friends at the time of the Ashburton affair, save Miss Jewsbury, did he apply for enlightenment. He buttoned up in his breast that lady's precious disclosure and reserved it for *post-mortem* application. True, he says, "there are in existence, or there were, masses of extravagant letters of Carlyle's to the great lady as ecstatic as Don Quixote's to Dulcinea," but he does not say that he has ever seen these letters, or has derived his knowledge of their nature, from any one who has seen them. It ought to be a sufficient answer to Froude's statement to recall the fact that these letters passed, on Lady Ashburton's death, into the hands of her husband who read them, and cannot have thought them offensive in any way, as he continued one of Carlyle's warmest friends until his life's end, that on his death they were read by his widow Louisa, Lady Ashburton, who also maintained an uninterrupted friendship with the writer. A little while before Carlyle's death, Louisa, Lady Ashburton, told Mrs. Alexander Carlyle that she

had burnt, or was going to burn, the letters, that they were friendly intimate letters, expressive of admiration, but in no way transgressing proper bounds. If in one of these letters, as Froude declares, Carlyle asked Lady Ashburton not to tell his wife of some visit he paid her, the circumstance is susceptible not merely of an innocent but of a laudable explanation, for during part of the Ashburton friendship, his wife was in her morbid jealousy, feverishly counting his visits to Bath House, and it might have been humane to conceal from her that he had dined there.

But if Carlyle's letters to Lady Ashburton have been destroyed, Lady Ashburton's replies to them have been preserved. Carlyle said they were "dry as sticks," but they read now as simple, friendly, kindly epistles. In not one of them is there any chiding of the Quixotic exuberance of the correspondent, which Froude has affirmed; in not one is there a trace of the imperious mistress to whom Carlyle was a passing amusement and a slave, as Froude has phrased it, going far beyond even the transcendental Miss Jewsbury, who is obliged to admit that any other wife than Mrs. Carlyle "would have laughed at Mr. Carlyle's bewitchment with Lady Ashburton." Froude insinuated that Carlyle was extravagantly deluded, and having drawn the contrast that Lady Ashburton was a great lady of the world, while "Carlyle with all his genius had the manners to the last of an Annandale peasant," he recalls an instance of a peasant of genius who was weak enough to believe that a great lady who had

taken an admiring interest in him, under analagous circumstances, wanted to marry him. All this is designed to bring censure and derision on Carlyle, and all is wide of the mark. Carlyle was proud to call himself a peasant's son, but at the same time he had some good Scottish blood in his veins. Froude said, and he must have forgotten he had said it, "There was reason to believe that his own father was the actual representative of the Lords of Torthorwald; and though he laughed, when he spoke of it, he was clearly not displeased to know that he had noble blood in him. Rustic as he was in habits, dress and complexion, he had a knightly, chivalrous temperament, and fine natural courtesy; another sure sign of good breeding was his hand, which was small, perfectly shaped with long fine fingers and aristocratic finger nails." Venables, too, had said, "Notwithstanding his humble birth and rustic training, he was keenly sensible to refinement of character and manner, and his own demeanour, tho' not conventional, was gracious and on fit occasions courtly." "My recollections of him are of almost uniform geniality and unfailing courtesy, tho' his cheerfulness might not be always undisturbed." Carlyle's manners of an Annandale peasant did not exclude him from the highest circles of London Society, and were assuredly no barrier to the friendship of that great Lady, Lady Ashburton, which was the utmost that, in her case, he ever aspired to.

Stripped of the bedizenments that Froude and Miss Jewsbury have decked it in, the Ashburton

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affair is innocent and intelligible enough. It was Mrs. Carlyle who made the acquaintance of Lady Ashburton in the first instance, when she formed a high opinion of her merits, describing her as the cleverest woman she had ever met, full of energy and sincerity, and with an excellent heart; and it was she who urged Carlyle to accept the invitations which Lord Ashburton, then Mr. Baring, gave him to his town and country houses, realising the advantages which might accrue from the acquaintance of the distinguished people that he met in these places. Carlyle was reserved and fastidious, and, had he declined the hand which the Ashburtons held out, London Society of the better sort might long have remained closed to him. As the Ashburtons' guest, he met on equal terms men of rank and letters. Until the death of Sir Robert Peel, he probably entertained some hope of entering public or official life, and it was therefore desirable that he should become known to the leading politicians of the period. He took pleasure, too, legitimate pleasure, in the society of the brilliant and ambitious woman, so full of intellectual gaiety and satirical caprice, who presided over the Ashburton circle; but that he was not, as Froude suggests, an interloper in that circle, paying clandestine homage to its mistress, let Lord Houghton, writing when both Lady Ashburton and Carlyle were dead, attest: "There could," he says, "be no better guarantee of these qualities (a joyous sincerity that no conventionalities, high or low, could restrain—a festive nature flowering through the artificial soil of elevated life) than

the constant friendship that existed between Lady Ashburton and Carlyle—on her part one of filial respect and duteous admiration. The frequent presence of the great moralist of itself gave to the life of Bath House and The Grange a reality that made the most ordinary worldly component parts of it more human and worthy than elsewhere."

That the friendship between Carlyle and Lady Ashburton never, on either side, drifted into extravagance, the character and conduct of Lord Ashburton are a sufficient guarantee. He had been engaged in vast monetary transactions in various parts of the world; he had, as Mr. Bingham Baring, formed part of the Administration of Sir Robert Peel in 1835. He was a man of the noblest and purest purpose, with an entirely unselfish and truthful disposition, who, while manifesting lover-like delight and intellectual wonder in the display of his wife's genius and gaiety, maintained, we are told, a quiet authority over her in all the serious affairs of life. Is it likely that such a man would tolerate the slightest indiscretion on the part of his wife or of Carlyle, or permit, under his roof, anything calculated to cause just pain and anger to Mrs. Carlyle, for whom he felt the highest regard?

In the early days the Ashburton friendship was a source of unalloyed pleasure to Mrs. Carlyle. The invitations to Bath House or Addiscombe invariably included her—unless in the case of a gentlemen's dinner-party—and she many times went alone, leaving her husband at home. But, as time

went on, a certain jealousy of Lady Ashburton took possession of her mind. Lady Ashburton was as clever a conversationalist as she, and had social prestige which gave her an advantage, and Mrs. Carlyle could not bear to be outshone. She first grudged Lady Ashburton the attention and admiration she commanded in the general circle, she then grudged specifically the attention and admiration that Carlyle openly gave her, and finally she got it into her head that Carlyle had transferred to her the attention and admiration he once surrendered to his wife, and was in love with her. Then it was that in pathetic, sometimes in bitter accents, she gave utterance to the morbid jealousy that consumed her—

> "Oh, waly, waly, love is bonnie
> A little while when it is new;
> But when it's auld
> It waxeth cauld,
> And melts away like morning dew."

"Beautiful verse, sweet and sad, like barley-sugar dissolved in tears. About the morning dew, however! I would say, 'Goes out like candle snuff' would be a truer simile; only that would not suit the rhyme."

This last phase, however, morbid jealousy, only came when Mrs. Carlyle's health had given way, and was indeed but a sign of mental disorder. It may be laid down as axiomatic in medical psychology, that when a highly neurotic and childless woman, at a critical period of life, takes to morphia, morbid jealousy will develop itself. Mrs. Carlyle

was highly neurotic and childless, and at a critical period of life she became addicted to morphia and other drugs, and ultimately developed morbid jealousy of her husband. No medical man can look carefully into her case without being convinced that she suffered from neurasthenia and climacteric melancholia, and that the piteous outcries of the Journal, which Froude, guided by Miss Jewsbury, accepted as proofs of her husband's perfidy and cruelty, were really but the empty ejaculations of her disordered feelings. Only the husband who has gone through the ordeal of living for years with a wife emotionally deranged, but intellectually clear as Mrs. Carlyle was, can realise what Carlyle must have endured, at a time, too, when he was struggling and almost sinking under a heavy task. His sympathetic gentleness and forbearance are beyond all praise. Froude having thrown off all constraint, now declares that Mrs. Carlyle was "ashamed and indignant at the unworthy position in which her husband was placing himself. Rinaldo in the bower of Armida or Hercules spinning silks for Omphale." It must have escaped his memory that he had formerly written "Carlyle's letters during all this period [the Asburton affair period] are uniformly tender and affectionate, and in them was his true self, if she could but have allowed herself to see it."

The Ashburton affair was truly, as Froude remarks, the cause of much heartburning and misery at Cheyne Row, but it was so only because Mrs. Carlyle's diseased fancies fastened upon it, as they would have fastened on something else had

Carlyle broken with the Ashburtons altogether. Froude has wholly misunderstood it, has published abroad the midnight mutterings of a sick woman, and has based on them discreditable reflections on her long-suffering husband. That Carlyle took the correct view of his wife's condition is clear, for looking back on it in 1866, he ascribed the dispiritment and unhappiness of his wife "chiefly to the deeper downbreak of her own poor health, which from this time [1856, the date of the Journal], as I *now* see better, continued its advance upon the citadel or nervous system."

But bad as in Froude's sight the Ashburton affair was, something worse remained behind. Carlyle "had said in his Journal that there was a secret connected with him unknown to his closest friends," and without a knowledge of which no true biography was possible; and so, when selected as his biographer, Froude set himself to find out this secret, which if unearthed must necessarily influence him in all he might say. He had no doubt from the first that it was connected with some moral delinquency, and how wildly awry he went in his reading of Carlyle's papers may be best shown by quoting the passage in the Journal, and the only passage, in which the so-called secret is referred to. It is dated 29th December, 1848, and runs as follows: "Darwin said to Jane, the other day in his quizzing-serious manner, 'Who will write Carlyle's 'Life'? The word reported to me, set me thinking how *impossible* it was and would for ever remain, for any creature to write

my 'Life'; the *chief* elements of my little destiny have all along lain deep below view or surmise, and never will or can be known to any son of Adam. I would say to my biographer, if any fool undertook such a task, 'Forbear, poor fool; let no life of *me* be written; let me and my bewildered wrestlings lie buried here, and be forgotten swiftly of all the world. If thou write, it will be mere delusions and hallucinations. The confused world never understood, nor will understand, me and my poor affairs; not even the persons nearest me could guess at them;—nor was it found indispensable; nor is it *now*, for any but an idle purpose, profitable, were it even possible. Silence, and go thy ways elsewhither.'" To the common man, to say nothing of the student of Carlyle's writings, but one interpretation of this is possible. It refers not to one secret but to many—to the bewildered wrestlings of the writer's soul with the mysteries of being, to those incommunicable stirrings that agitate the depths of every human heart. It is but a variant of what Carlyle has said many times in his books about the sacramental nature of life, and the barrier that must always shut out one human being from another. But that would not do for Froude; he detected a personal secret in this passage, and determined to ferret it out. And help came to him in that daughter of Eve, Miss Jewsbury, who at once detected what Carlyle had said no son of Adam could find out, and made patent what he had thought not even the persons nearest him—therefore not even his wife—could guess at. Purely

in the interests of the frank biography, Miss Jewsbury, hearing that Froude was to write Carlyle's life, hurried to him and disclosed that "Carlyle was one of those persons who ought never to have married," and, like a flower that perishes in the blossoming, Froude tells us, she died soon after. But of course, Froude is wrong, for, as a matter of fact, she survived seven years after her revelation. This unmarried lady went to Froude, who was not a medical man, and soiled the memory of the man towards whom she had professed undying gratitude, and Froude is not ashamed to say that she entered on "curious details." We need not suppose that in doing so she suffered from maidenly embarrassment, or was suffused with blushes, for we have it on Mrs. Carlyle's authority that she had herself allowed that she had "absolutely no sense of decency," and that her tendency towards "the unmentionable" was too strong to be stayed. She informed Froude that Carlyle's extraordinary temper, which as he grew older and more famous became more violent and overbearing, was a consequence of his organisation, that Mrs. Carlyle never forgave the injury done her in her marriage, and that her disappointed longing for children had been at the bottom of all their quarrels and unhappiness.

"I have never been curious about family secrets," says Froude, "and have always as a rule of my life declined to listen to communications which were no business of mine," and yet he seems to have opened his ears widely to Miss Jewsbury's unpleasant family communication. That communi-

cation was made to him in 1873, and must have been always present to his mind while writing "The Life of Carlyle," and yet in that life he says, "I for myself concluded, though not till after long hesitation, that there should be no reserve, and therefore I have practised none." . . . . "To have been reticent would have implied that there was something to hide, and taking Carlyle all in all, there never was a man, I at least never knew one, whose conduct in life would better bear the fiercest light that could be thrown upon it." . . . . "There ought to be no mystery about Carlyle, and there is no occasion for mystery." And the man who penned these sentences in 1883 is he who wrote in 1887, "The worst of these faults [Carlyle's faults] I have concealed hitherto," and who then and there placed on record, evidently with a view of its being ultimately uncovered to the public gaze, a mystery, which he had concealed, but which he believed had dominated and clouded the life of the man whose entirely candid biographer he professed himself to have been.

Delicacy forbids that we should here discuss Froude's mystery or Miss Jewsbury's communication. They have been fully examined in the pages of a medical journal, where alone they could be properly considered, and we believe we may say they have been proved to have been the offspring of a prurient imagination. There is no truth in them. The evidence of their falsity is absolutely conclusive. The use made of them by Froude and his representatives must be regarded as deplorable and a stain on

English literature. There was no corroboration of Miss Jewsbury's statement. Not one line or word could she point to in all her confidential correspondence with Mrs. Carlyle, extending over a quarter of a century, or in Mrs. Carlyle's secret Journal and most retired communings with herself, when her bitterness against her husband was at its height, giving the faintest colour to the disclosure. It depended entirely on her recollection of alleged conversations with Mrs. Carlyle, to support which she could produce no collateral evidence; and yet without the smallest confirmation Froude accepted her wild and whirling words. He did not think it necessary to apply any tests, although he regarded the statement, not as a bit of idle talk, but as of vital moment, and allowed it to tincture and control his whole biography of Carlyle. The substance of it has been concealed until now, but emanations from it have been for years floating about. Rumour has given currency to Miss Jewsbury's slander, for slander it must be called; as, rightly or wrongly, a certain degree of opprobrium does attach to the organisation Miss Jewsbury ascribed to Carlyle, with which certain intellectual disabilities are often associated.

All readers of Carlyle must allow that his writings are characterised by splendid virility, and that he was every inch a man. The Carlyles lived on a higher plane than Froude conceived. Their married life of forty years' duration was essentially beautiful. It was not blessed with offspring. It was chequered, as all married lives are, with cares, anxieties and sorrows, it was ruffled by angry

breezes, it was shadowed by sickness, which at one time gathered into a thunder-cloud, but it was irradiated throughout by the pure white light of wholesome human love.

It seems almost a profanation to quote from the letters which passed between Carlyle and Jane Welsh during their courtship, and between Carlyle and his wife during the early years of their married life, but it is to be remembered that these are already on record, having been published by Froude, and they certainly throw a pleasing light on the relations which subsisted between them.

During their engagement Jane Welsh wrote to Carlyle, after a visit to Hoddam Hill, "I love you, tenderly, devotedly." "I am yours, oh! that you knew how wholly yours," in response to some ardent expression of Carlyle's, whose anticipations of matrimony were normal enough. "Here," he wrote from Scotsbrig, "are two swallows in the corner of my window, that have taken a house this summer; and in spite of drought and bad crops are bringing up a family together with the highest contentment and unity of soul. Surely, surely Jane Welsh and Thomas Carlyle here as they stand have in them conjunctly the wisdom of many swallows. Let them exercise it then, in God's name, and live happy as these birds of passage are doing." Mrs. Carlyle's letters after the marriage, and indeed at every period of their married life, bear no trace of disappointment. Six weeks after her marriage she wrote to her mother-in-law, "We are really very happy; and when he falls upon some work we

shall be still happier. Indeed, I should be very stupid or very thankless, if I did not congratulate myself every hour of the day on the lot which it has pleased Providence to assign to me. My husband is so kind, so, in all respects, after my own heart!"

During one of her first separations from him, when visiting her mother at Templand, she addresses him, "Kindest and dearest of husbands, Are you thinking you are never to see my sweet face any more? . . . I wish I were back to see it and to give you a kiss for every minute I have been absent. . . . Dearest, I do love you. God bless you, my Darling.—Ever! ever your true Wife."

Again she wrote from Templand within two years of their marriage, "Goody, Goody, dear Goody. You said you would weary, and I do hope in my heart you are wearying. It will be so sweet to make it all up to you in kisses when I return. You will *take me* and hear all my bits of experiences, and your heart will beat when you find how I have longed to return to you." Are these the utterances of an amatively disappointed and mortified wife?

Carlyle's letters to his wife are not less tenderly and naturally affectionate than hers to him. His first letter to her, when they were parted for the first time since their marriage, is dated 16th April, 1827, and begins thus: "Dearest Wife,—What strange magic is in that word, now that for the first time I write it to you. I promised that I would think of you *sometimes;* which truly I have done many times, or rather all times, with a singular feeling of

astonishment, as if a new light had risen on me since we parted, as if, until now, I had never known how precious my own dearest little Goody was to me, and what a real angel of a creature she was. I could bet a sovereign that *you* love me twice as well as ever you did; for experience in this matter has given me insight. Would I were back to you, and my own Jane's heart would beat against her husband's." Froude prints Mrs. Carlyle's reply to the foregoing, but with characteristic alterations. He puts a cold "you" where Mrs. Carlyle has written "Darling;" he puts "my husband" where Mrs. Carlyle has written "my dearest husband;" and he omits the amatory ending, "God keep you, my dear good husband. Write and love me. Your own Goody."

Another letter in early wedlock runs thus: "Not unlike what the drop of water from Lazarus's finger might have been to Dives in the flame was my dearest Goody's letter to her Husband yesterday afternoon. . . . No, I do not love you in the least; only a little *sympathy* and *admiration*, and a certain *esteem*, nothing more!—O my dear, best wee woman!—But I will not say a word of all this till I whisper it in your ear with my arms round you." Is this the language of an impotent man addressing the woman to whom he has done a grievous wrong which she is bitterly resenting?

Miss Ann Carlyle Aitken and Miss Margaret Carlyle Aitken, now living in Dumfries, recall that, twice whilst at Craigenputtock, Mrs. Carlyle consulted their mother, the late Mrs. Aitken, about

her maternal hopes, which alas! came to nought; and the late Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, when, on her aunt's death, she became her uncle's companion, was much touched to find in a drawer at Cheyne Row a little bundle of baby clothes made by Mrs. Carlyle's own hands. This reminds us of Carlyle's pathetic and significant allusion in the "Reminiscences" to the child's chair which his wife had herself used when young, and kept in her house with feelings no woman can fail to understand. "Her little bit of a first chair, its wee, wee arms, etc., visible to me in the closet at this moment, is still here and always was; I have looked at it hundreds of times, from of *old* with many thoughts. No daughter or son of *hers* was to sit there; so it had been appointed us, my Darling. I have no *Book* thousandth-part so beautiful as *Thou;* but these were our only 'Children,'—and in a true sense they were verily OURS; and will perhaps live some time in the world, after we are both gone;—and be of no damage to the poor brute chaos of a world, let us hope! The Will of the Supreme shall be accomplished. *Amen.*"

In the epitaph in Haddington Churchyard Jane Welsh is described, not as the faithful companion, but as "the spouse of Thomas Carlyle," "for forty years the true and ever-loving helpmate of her husband." Carlyle was a true man, no hypocrite or slave to convention, and he would not have used these words had Jane Welsh never been his spouse in any true sense, but his ill-used thrall who had been often on the point of leaving him.

To any one with a spark of knowledge of human nature, Carlyle's long and passionate mourning for his wife, his lonesome visits to her grave, where he knelt down and reverently kissed the green mound, must betoken a tenderer tie than mere platonic fellowship.

A word may be said on one or two of the deductions drawn by Froude from Miss Jewsbury's extraordinary statement. We are assured that it was Mrs. Carlyle's disappointed longing for children that was at the bottom of all the domestic unhappiness and quarrels at Cheyne Row. How much exaggerated by Froude that unhappiness and these quarrels were has been already shown. How little Mrs. Carlyle's unfulfilled maternal hopes had to do with any asperities that did exist, may now be indicated merely to illustrate Froude's incomprehension of Mrs. Carlyle's character. A child at Cheyne Row would have been an unspeakable boon and blessing, but Mrs. Carlyle had probably during the greater part of her life there no very strong desire for its arrival. In the early days at Craigenputtock "she had the passions of her kind," and longed for a child, but it was only when they made up their minds that there was not likely to be a family, that the Carlyles determined to remove to London, and there Mrs. Carlyle soon became involved in ambitious projects, with the fulfilment of which the claims of the nursery must have interfered. Like some of the fashionable women of the day, she became more alive to the drawbacks than to the pleasures of motherhood. She had no great liking

for children, and there is not to be found in her writings a single affectionate reference to them. She calls them "wersh gorbs" and "insipid offspring," and, writing to Mrs. Russell, she exclaimed, "Gracious! what a luck I had no daughters to guide." There is no reason to suppose that the want of children seriously ruffled Mrs. Carlyle's equanimity at Cheyne Row.

Three times over Froude informs us that Mrs. Carlyle had resolved to leave her husband. "One had heard that she had often thought of leaving Carlyle, and as if she had a right to leave him if she pleased." "She had often resolved to leave Carlyle. He, of course, always admitted that she was at liberty to go if she pleased." "She had definitely made up her mind to go away, and even to marry another person." But, in order to marry another person, she would have had to divorce Carlyle, or obtain a decree of nullity of marriage; and with his inimitable inconsistency, a little further on, Froude says, "She would not make a scandal by revealing the truth and dissolving the marriage, but once, at least, she had resolved to put herself out of the way altogether." Which is it to be, desertion, divorce or suicide? Froude cannot be allowed to juggle with all three. Mrs. Carlyle contemplated suicide even before her marriage, and many times after it, but that she had ever, as is alleged by Froude, made up her mind to go to Scotland by sea and drop off the stern of the steamer cannot be believed. It is one of Geraldine Jewsbury's stories, and is, of course, apocryphal. Mrs. Carlyle had plenty of

morphia and henbane and prussic acid and chloroform, and could have made away with herself, without going to sea, of which she had always a horror. It was Froude's lack of humour, a saving quality—the essence of which is sensibility; warm, tender fellow-feeling with all forms of existence—of which he was entirely destitute, that led him into the ridiculous canard about Mrs. Carlyle running away and marrying another person; the sole discoverable origin of it being this passage in one of her letters to Mrs. Russell, "Do be so good as to give Mr. Dobbie an emphatic kiss from me, for if Mr. C. become unendurable with his eternal Frederick, I intend running away with Mr. Dobbie to the backwoods, or wherever he likes." If Froude had made a little inquiry, he would have discovered that Mr. Dobbie was Mrs. Russell's father, a reverend gentleman then in his eightieth year. It was probably confusion of ideas that betrayed Froude into his accusation against Carlyle of cruelty, in retorting to his wife, when she told him how near leaving him she had been, "Well, I do not know that I should have missed you; I was very busy just then with my Cromwell," words which hurt her, he says, more than any others she had ever heard from him. But if we are to believe all Froude has told us, these words were mild, compared with his many savage onslaughts on her, and the truth seems to be that Froude has applied to Carlyle and his wife a story which Carlyle used to tell, and at which his wife laughed merrily. It was the story of a North of England farmer, whose wife, with whom he had

had a tiff, left him and went back to her parents, but soon tired of the separation and returned home. Meeting her husband, she addressed him thus : " I'se back again, thou sees ! " to which her husband replied, " Back again ? I never kenned thou was away ! "

That Mrs. Carlyle, whatever she may have said in her tempestuous moods, ever seriously harboured the idea of leaving her husband, no one who has conned her letters will believe. In 1844, before there was any Lady Ashburton on the scene, she wrote to him, " I am always wondering since I came here how I can even in my angriest moods talk about leaving you for good and all ; for to be sure, if I were to leave you to-day on that principle, I should need absolutely to go back to-morrow to see how you were taking it." All the letters written both by Carlyle and his wife during their temporary separations teem with affectionate anticipations of reunion.

Froude's third specific charge against Carlyle is that he used personal violence to his wife. Carlyle, he tells us, when examining his wife's papers after her death, " found a remembrance in her Diary of the blue marks which in a fit of passion he had once inflicted on her arms. . . . As soon as he could collect himself he put together a memoir of her, in which with deliberate courage he inserted the incriminating passages (by me omitted) of her Diary, the note of the blue marks among them, and he added an injunction of his own that however stern and tragic that record might be, it was never to be destroyed."

Now all this is fiction—a tissue of ingeniously concocted fiction, and we can only suppose that in writing it Froude anticipated that when his "Apologia" was given to the world there would be no one who would care to take the trouble to examine too minutely into the foundation of his plausible tale. He conveys to us, that it was from Carlyle he derived his knowledge that the two blue marks were due to his violence, and yet two years later we find him asking an explanation of them from Miss Jewsbury, who of course remembered them only too well, "The marks were made by personal violence," said she.

It is in itself suspicious that Froude does not quote the exact words of the incriminating passage in the Diary. We are able to supply this omission. This was the entry. "26th June. Nothing to record to-day but two blue marks on the wrist." That is all. The previous entry for 24th June records a visit to Kensington Palace to see the old German pictures, and a family party at Lady Charlotte Portal's at which she was accompanied by Mr. Carlyle. The following entry for June 27th records a visit to Hampstead with Miss Jewsbury and a dinner at the "Spaniards." It will be observed that Mrs. Carlyle does not say that the blue marks on her wrist (*wrist*, be it noted, not "*arms*," as Froude has it, an important distinction), were caused by her husband or give any hint as to how they came there. And that Carlyle, after an interval of ten years, should, on reading the Diary have connected the entry with personal violence of

his own and have made confession to Froude, and insisted on the retention of the incriminating passage is incredible.

The Memoir which Froude says as soon as he could collect himself, he put together, was undertaken on the occasion of his reading Miss Jewsbury's "little book of myths," reminiscent of Mrs. Carlyle. As soon as the book was sent to him by Miss Jewsbury, he began to jot down, on its vacant leaves, his corrections of the stories, and when the book was filled he took another note book, which had been his wife's, and went on writing down what memories recurred to him of her parentage, girlhood, and life beside him. These two books constitute the manuscript of the Memoir,—"Jane Welsh Carlyle," which was part of the "Letters and Memorials," but which Froude, on his own authority, published as part of the "Reminiscences." The so-called incriminating passage was contained in the later portion of Mrs. Carlyle's Journal, which alone had been discovered at the time, and Carlyle introduced the *whole of this* bodily into the above-mentioned note book which had been his wife's, at the proper place in point of time. He added no injunction as to the incriminating passage, but he prefaced Mrs. Carlyle's Journal with these words: "But in 1856" [it was in 1856 that the Journal with the so-called incriminating passage was written], "owing to many circumstances—my *engrossment* otherwise (sunk in Frederick, in, etc., etc., far *less* exclusively, very far *less* than she supposed, poor soul!);—and owing *chiefly*, one may fancy, to the deeper down-

break of her own poor health, which from this time, as I *now* see better, continued its advance upon the citadel, or nervous system, and intrinsically grew worse :—in 1856, too evidently, to whatever owing, my Darling was extremely miserable! Of that year there is a bit of private diary, by chance left unburnt; found by me since her death, and not to be destroyed, however tragical and sternly sad are parts of it. She had written, I sometimes knew (though she would never show to me or to mortal any word of them), at different times, various bits of diary; and was even at one time upon a kind of autobiography (had not —— stept into it with swine's foot, most intrusively, though without ill intention—finding it unlocked one day;—and produced thereby an instantaneous burning of it; and of all like it which existed at that time). Certain enough, she wrote various bits of diary and private record, unknown to me; but never anything so sore, down-hearted, harshly distressed and sad as this (right sure am I!),—which alone remains as specimen."

Now what is there here about "blue marks," "incriminating passage," or "fit of passion"? The words "tragical and sternly sad" are not applied by Carlyle to any incriminating passage but to the whole Journal, or parts of it, and the real significance of the Journal, as an outcome of nervous and mental disorder, he had been compelled to recognise. He puts it as euphemistically as possible, but he cannot shut his eyes to the fact that his wife was morbidly melancholic at the time. In June, 1856, she was labouring under profound despondency, and

Froude, in his letter of intimidation of April 20th, 1886, in which he threatened Mrs. Alexander Carlyle with the publication of "the blue marks," adds, "I know also that on this or on some other similar occasion Mrs. Carlyle had made up her mind to destroy herself." He knew very well—for in violation of decent reserve he had himself published the fact—that Mrs. Carlyle had on several occasions made up her mind to destroy herself: he knew very well that she was at this time taking morphia, which is a deliriant as well as an anodyne and soporific: he knew very well that she passed through what her husband called "a desperate time" and Dr. Blakiston "hysterical mania," and yet it never occurred to him that two blue marks on the wrist might have come in the humane exercise of necessary restraint. Could "two blue marks on the wrist" suggest an assault to anyone but Froude? What warrant had he for saying that Carlyle caused them in any way? Mrs. Carlyle does not say so. Nowhere in her letters or diaries is there the remotest suggestion of such a thing. She understood afterwards how ill she had been at this time, for exactly a month after the surmised assault we find her writing to Mrs. Russell: "I was very poorly indeed when I left home [in the middle of July], but I am quite another creature; on the top of this Hill with the sharp Fife breezes about me." At the same time, July 29th, she is writing to her brutal assailant, her husband, "Of course I am sad at times, at all times sad as death, but that I am used to and don't mind. And as for

the sickness, it is quite gone since the morning I left Chelsea." That the two blue marks on the wrist business cannot have had any very serious consequences may be inferred from the facts that within one week of the record of them she gave sittings for her portrait, went through the ordeal of the dentist's chair, and attended "the most magnificent ball of the season." It may indeed well be doubted, whether the blue marks had any such significance as the melodramatic Froude has attributed to them, and ought not to be regarded in a comic rather than a tragic light. Mrs. Carlyle has elsewhere chronicled similar marks on Carlyle's skin caused by the operations of her *bête noir*, the bug, if an insect may be so designated, which, in spite of her vigilance, several times invaded 5, Cheyne Row, and her hunts after which she has described with the exciting realism of one of her favourite novelists, Fenimore Cooper, and the wrist is a favourite point of attack of the *Cimex Lectularius*.

Let us take the tale of the blue marks seriously, however, and put the worst possible construction on Mrs. Carlyle's words, supposing that her husband in some domestic altercation had roughly grasped her wrist, thus causing two blue marks on her sensitive and very bruisable skin. Is it believable that such an incident—not unknown even in well-regulated families—would rankle in his mind, after an interval of ten years, during the whole of which his wife had given copious expression of her gratitude for his unremitting gentleness and loving-kindness, and fill his declining days with remorse as Froude affirms?

Is it believable that if, as Froude asserts, it was this incident, that in the after years, caused him so much pain, he would not have mentioned it amongst all the unsparing self-reproaches in which he indulged? Never once does he refer to it in his most rackingly retrospective writings. Never once did he mention it to his niece, who was his confidant in his darkest days. According to Froude, Carlyle's nobility of nature was conspicuously exhibited in the penitential reparation he resolved to make to his wife's memory. But was this man, with his hatred of hypocrisy and fearless sincerity, likely to content himself with half an expiation? Was he likely to parade his peccadillos and hide away his mortal sins? Is it not certain that if he had been guilty of any act of violence towards his wife, he would have repented in dust and ashes and confessed his fault? The fact that, while seizing on every allusion in his wife's writings in connexion with which he could upbraid himself, he passed over the entry as to the "two blue marks on the wrist" without comment, is a sufficient proof that it had no sinister meaning for him, and that all that Froude says about it must have been drawn from his imaginary conversations. The words that spring to one's pen on reviewing this attempt to brand Carlyle as a brute are best left unwritten.

As brutality and selfishness were, according to Froude, the keynotes of Carlyle's youth and prime, remorse gave the tonality to his declining years. When his wife was no more, says his gentle

biographer, he saw "that he had made her entirely miserable; that she had sacrificed her life to him; and that he had made her a wretched return for her devotion. . . . For the next four years I never walked with him without his recurring to a subject which was never absent from his mind. His conversation, however it opened, always drifted back into a pathetic cry of sorrow over things which were now irreparable." He suffered "an agony of remorse for a long series of faults which now for the first time he saw in their true light." All which shows that Froude did not understand the meaning of the word remorse as employed by Carlyle, and was incapable of entering into his feelings. "Between the Carlyles and Mr. Froude," as Mr. Augustine Birrell justly observes, "there flowed both Tweed and Trent, and the history of the whole world." But Froude, unconscious of this, tried to make his shallow notions the plummet of a nature infinitely deeper than his own. It can be demonstrated beyond dispute, that what Froude called remorse was simply poignant grief, in the guise it so often assumes, in the fine-fibred and magnanimous. Carlyle was not maddened by the stings of conscience, but borne down by sorrow, on the clouds of which he saw reflected, from time to time, huge Brocken spectres of even his minutest faults and failings. He nursed his sorrow to the last and seemed to say, "Assuagement, in this world there is none for me. Obliteration I would not have. My grief is my only comfort." Death is a mighty alchemist. It transmutes much.

On the erring woman it leaves "only the beautiful." It makes instruments with which to scourge us, not only of our pleasant vices, but of our paltry neglects and trivial trespasses. When it bereaves the aged, golden memories are converted into leaden regrets.

Carlyle constantly used the word remorse somewhat indiscriminately, sometimes in the sense of compassionate regret, sometimes of mere vexation. He had "remorse," as he calls it, when visiting the grave of his mother, to whom he had been the kindest and most devoted of sons, when he did not succeed as well as he had expected in a lecture, and when Froude came in and interrupted his studies. In the case of his wife his remorse hinged on his having failed adequately to estimate her sufferings and on having bored her with his "Frederick." "Oh, I was blind not to see how *brittle* was the thread of noble celestial (almost more than terrestrial) life; how much it was all in all to me, and how impossible it should long be left with me." "I had at last *conquered* Mollwitz, saw it all clear ahead and round me, and took to telling her stories about it, in my poor bit of joy, night after night. I recollect she answered little, though kindly always. Privately, she at that time felt convinced she was dying:—dark winter, and such the weight of misery, and utter decay of strength;—and night after night, my theme to her was *Mollwitz!* This she owned to me, within the last year or two;—which how could I listen to without shame and abasement?" And this was the sort of thing

poured forth to Froude, "shame and abasement," for prosing about Mollwitz, and Froude, catching at the shame and abasement, and dropping the Mollwitz, turned it, in his CROOKED imagination, into deep and passionate repentance for heinous offences against his wife. The whole thing would be ludicrous, if it were not so shocking. There is not to be found, in all Carlyle's writings, after the death of his wife, when he was probing his heart and memory to their depths, any specific instance of an offence against her more heinous than his refusal to shake hands with the dressmaker at Madam Elise's when she desired him to do so: this "cruelty" he afterwards called it. Mrs. Carlyle had caught from her husband the exaggerative use of the word "remorse," for a lady writer in "Blackwood," who has recorded her reminiscences, says that when she had upset a work-basket and was rather profuse in her apologies Mrs. Carlyle twitted her with her "delicate remorses."

It was Carlyle's septuagenarian remorse that first endeared him to Froude. Up till then, although he had been for years his most obsequious follower, and a constant guest at his fireside, he had never liked him, he admits. But now it was possible, not merely to admire but to love him. His sin had found him out; he repented and resolved to make an atonement, which was to consist in the publication after his death of a full catalogue of his misdeeds. Froude hailed this as "an expiation so frank and so complete that it washed the stain away," and felt honoured in being appointed

Lord High Executioner. He felt that Carlyle's "character never could be put fairly and honestly among the records of the great men to whom he belonged unless the faults were confessed and absolution granted on the only fitting terms." The confession was to be made to the British public, in book form, but by whom the absolution was to be granted and on what fitting terms are not made clear. To most men it will seem that the line of conduct which Froude attributes to Carlyle, and which was, in his estimation noble, was abject and cowardly. Penitence when sincere is praiseworthy, but it should be indulged in in silence and solitude and not proclaimed in lamentations, in the highway. Reparation, where practicable, is its sweetest fruit, but it can scarcely be held to include an apology to the injured person who is dead, tendered in the obituary notice of the transgressor. If Carlyle had felt that any public acknowledgment of his ill-treatment of his wife was required of him, it would have been made while he was still alive to bear the brunt of just condemnation, and not delayed till he was beyond the reach of censure in Ecclefechan kirk-yard. He was honest and manly and never cringed before his fellow-men, and to suppose him capable of a craven subterfuge, by way of expiation, is to reveal a radical misconception of his character. His pusillanimous resolve, that the grave faults with their miserable consequences which he had been ceaselessly bemoaning for fifteen years, should be made known when he was gone earned him Froude's "love." Had he

ever formed such a resolve it must have made him despised by all right-minded persons.

In accepting the office of undertaker for Carlyle's good name and in promising to smother his tombstone with wormwood and rue, Froude felt that it was not unlikely he might incur "the resentment of relations." Did it ever occur to him what the nearest of relations might have had to say to him? Edifying, indeed, would have been Mrs. Carlyle's expository notes on his proceedings had speech, out of the Silences, been conceded to her for just five minutes. Her husband's reputation was the apple of her eye, her most precious possession, that which above all things she desired should remain untarnished. About a week before her death, when congratulating him on his Rectorial Address in Edinburgh, she wrote to him, "I must repeat what I have said before—that the best part of this success is the general feeling of personal goodwill that pervades all they say and write about you. Even 'Punch' cuddles you, and purrs over you, as if you were his favourite son." How proud she was of him! "I tore it open," she wrote [the telegram announcing the success of the Address], "and read, 'From John Tyndall.' (Oh, God bless John Tyndall in this world and the next!) 'A perfect triumph!'" And strangely enough there was at this time an anticipatory glimpse of the evil that was in store. Three days before her death she read a "Memoir" of her husband attached to a pirated issue of his Rectorial Address which he had sent to her, and she thus wrote to him about it: "If you call that

'laudatory' you must be easily pleased. I never read such stupid, vulgar janners. The last of calumnies that I should ever have expected to hear uttered about you was this of your going about 'filling the laps of dirty children with comfits.' Idiot! My half-pound of barley sugar made into such a legend! The wretch has even failed to put the right number to the sketch of the house—'No. 7!'" Decidedly the Memoir, with its inaccuracies, its legends, its janners, was an appropriate forerunner of Froude's "Life."

The three specific charges against Carlyle which we have analysed and proved worthless, Froude spoke of as the secrets of Cheyne Row. They were divulged to him by Miss Jewsbury; but he found from anonymous letters that they were no secrets at all; and that Froude should have given heed to anonymous letters is only less surprising than that the anonymous miscreants should have taken the trouble to apprise him of the covert nastiness of Cheyne Row, rather than any other of Carlyle's friends. And, indeed, Froude's attitude towards these secrets, as described by himself, is unintelligible. They were secrets which were no secrets at all, and he painfully debated within himself whether he should conceal them. If he suppressed them he made his biography a mere panegyric. If he published them he might incur resentment. "What was I to make of them?" he piteously exclaims. At one time he confesses he had drifted to "the cowardly conclusion" that he would suppress everything unpleasant, dwelling "on the brightest and best in Carlyle and passing lightly

over the rest," thus baulking his illustrious friend of that post-mortem atonement on which he had set his heart. At another time he felt that concealment would be wrong, that faults frankly confessed are frankly forgiven, that, as Carlyle himself had taught him, it is "the truth shall make you free" in biography as in everything else, and so he resolved to disburthen his friendly bosom of the perilous stuff that weighed upon his heart.

Now, the frank biography is unquestionably desirable; but even the frank biography has its limits, and has not hitherto been held to include details of physiological functions or stenographic records of every unguarded and hasty word. It should not pander to unworthy curiosity. In every human life there is a highest and a lowest which even the frankest biography should leave untouched; a Shechinah which should remain enshrined in cloud, a scullery which should be hidden from view. In ignoring this, and in laying bare, with shameless incontinence, the most sacred emotions and private details in the life of his dead friend, Froude has exposed himself to the full force of Tennyson's withering denunciation of those who traffic in posthumous tittle-tattle and defamation.

"For now the Poet cannot die,
Nor leave his music as of old,
But round him ere he scarce be cold
Begins the scandal and the cry:

"'Proclaim the faults he would not show:
Break lock and seal: betray the trust:
Keep nothing sacred: 'tis but just
The many-headed beast should know.'"

But it is not only the too frank biography that in Froude's case is complained of, but the false and grisly biography, that misrepresents its subject and perpetuates, if it does not originate, dishonouring false witness regarding him. "A well-written Life," said Carlyle, "is almost as rare as a well-spent one." Never was Life worse written than his own.

Froude complains that in preparing for his biography of Carlyle he was much embarrassed by the vacillation of Carlyle himself, and in this connexion it is requisite to examine his statements as to the biographical material placed in his hands. It was in 1871, he says, that Carlyle, without a word of warning, brought him his wife's letters and a copy of the Memoir of her which he had written, made him a gift of them, and asked him to publish them or not as he thought fit, when he was gone; and it seems highly probable that in this, as in so many other matters, Froude's memory played him false, for if Carlyle had made a gift of these papers to him in 1871, it is remarkable that he should specifically bequeath them to him by will in 1873. Froude does not allege that these manuscripts were ever seen by Carlyle after he handed them to him, and yet they contain notes by Carlyle, dated 1873. It was in that year (1873), Froude alleges, that Carlyle sent him in a box a collection of letters, diaries, memoirs, miscellanies of endless sorts, with a request that he would undertake his biography, for which these were the materials, and yet in that very year Carlyle left by will to his brother John all his manuscripts, except the Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh

Carlyle, given to Froude, and directed that in all such matters he wished his brother John to be regarded as his second and surviving self.

At the very moment when Froude represents Carlyle as thrusting papers upon him, and insisting on his undertaking the unsought-for task of composing his biography, Carlyle wrote in his will, "Express biography of me I had really rather that there should be none."

Froude stumbled over dates in this matter in an inexplicable way. It is in the highest degree unlikely that papers of any kind were put in his hands until 1873; and then it was that, after the making of the will, the Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle, which were to Carlyle, in his bereaved state, "of endless value," were given to him in order that he might take "precious charge of them, and, together with John Forster and Dr. John Carlyle," the other Executors, "make earnest survey" of them, and of the autobiographic notes attached to them, and decide whether they or any portion of them should be published. It was not until 1877 and the following years that the biographical materials, which Froude alleges were given to him in 1873, were sent to him, not by Carlyle, but by Miss Mary Aitken, to whom they were given in 1875, and who, at the request of her uncle, gave the loan of them to Froude, for biographical purposes. After Carlyle's death Froude disputed the gift to Miss Mary Aitken in 1875. He tried to discredit her statement by urging that she could only say that the manuscripts

had been given to her by word of mouth, and had no writing to show, overlooking the fact that he was himself in exactly the same position, and that Carlyle's commission to him to write his biography was by word of mouth, and that he had no writing to show for that or for any of his other proceedings in dealing with these papers. He had no credentials to exhibit. Whenever exception was taken to any step he took, he pleaded oral instructions from Carlyle.

If the decision on this disputed point had had to be given, solely on the conflicting statements of Froude and Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, no one, looking into the matter, would have hesitated to give a verdict in favour of the latter. Froude's inaccuracy and reminiscent extravagances were proverbial. To Mrs. Alexander Carlyle a special gift was bequeathed in the codicil to Carlyle's will "as a testimony of the trust I repose in her, and as a mark of my esteem for her honourable, veracious and faithful character, and a memorial of all the kind and ever faithful service she has done me."

But the gift of the manuscripts in 1875 to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle did not rest on her unsupported recollection. They had been bequeathed by the will of 1873, together with the Furniture, plate, linen, china, books, prints, pictures and other effects in the house at Cheyne Row to Dr. John Carlyle. But in the Codicil of 1878, Dr. John Carlyle, being then sick unto death, the Furniture, plate, linen, china, books, prints, pictures and

other effects in the house, are left to his niece, Mary Carlyle Aitken, absolutely, while no mention is made of the manuscripts which in the will formed part of the bequest to Dr. John Carlyle. Why so? Because they had already been disposed of and given in 1875 to Mary Carlyle Aitken, who had been dealing with them. This gift of these manuscripts to her in 1875 was corroborated by Carlyle himself on several occasions, and was testified to by Mr. Alexander Carlyle, Mrs. Aitken, Miss Ann Aitken, Mr. Allingham, Mr. Friedmann, Mrs. Venturi and Mrs. Anstruther; and Mr. (now Lord Justice) Cozens-Hardy, with the whole case, on both sides, before him, said that there was "good ground for contending that the ownership of these documents was not vested in the Executors, but was vested in Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, to whom they were given in June, 1875." Froude's contention, therefore, in "My Relations with Carlyle," that the manuscripts for the biography were given to him by Carlyle in 1873, falls to the ground, and may be rebutted by what he has himself written. On the 23rd of September, 1879, he wrote to Carlyle, "I conclude from what your niece said in her last letter, that you are again in London. We return ourselves in three weeks. She implies that you wish me to proceed at once with the task [the biography] which you have imposed on me. So of course I will do so. I began it two years ago, but I found so many injunctions attached to the letters by yourself that there was nothing to be done until long after you

had yourself gone." That letter was written in 1879, and if Froude began his biographic work *two years previously*, that would be in 1877, or exactly at the time when, according to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, the manuscripts were lent to him by her. Froude is once more wrong in stating that all the multifarious materials for the biography were sent to him at one time. The letters of Carlyle to his brother Alick were sent in instalments during 1878 and 1879, and in November, 1879, Mr. Alexander Carlyle himself carried a bundle of them to Froude's house. The letters to Dr. John Carlyle, the most voluminous and important of all, were returned to Chelsea by his executor, and were not delivered to Froude till some months after Dr. Carlyle's death, which took place on 15th September, 1879. In "My Relations with Carlyle," Froude says distinctly that the materials for the biography were sent to him in 1873 in a box. In a letter to the *Times* on May 9th, 1881, he complained that these materials had been sent to him at intervals without inventory or numerical lists.

It is hard to understand how Froude can bring himself to say that until Carlyle said to him a year before his death, "When you have done with these papers of mine, give them back to Mary," he had regarded them as his own. He was explicitly told when the first papers were lent to him in 1877 that when he had finished with them they were to be returned to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle. In February, 1879, when driving with him, Carlyle spoke to Froude about the papers, and on coming

home told his niece, "Froude perfectly understands that the papers are all yours, and will return them all to you. He has promised to do so." In February, 1880, Mrs. Alexander Carlyle accidentally discovered that Froude did not seem to consider himself bound by this condition, and at once wrote to remind him of it. On the same day on which he received the reminder, Froude replied, "I perfectly understood that all the papers were to be returned to you when I had done with them. Your Uncle, however, told me the other day that you were expecting them *now*, and that you thought I must have forgotten about them." Two days later (10th February, 1880) he wrote again to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, "It *has, however, long been settled* that you were to have the entire collection when I had done with it. Even if nothing had been arranged about it, I should of course have replaced it in your hands." These admissions, made in Carlyle's life-time, put it beyond cavil that Froude, who, in "My Relations with Carlyle," tells us that until a year before Carlyle's death, he had looked on these papers as his own, and had been empowered to burn them if he liked, was at that very time acknowledging that it had been "*long settled*" that they were to be returned to Carlyle's niece and "replaced" in her hands. The power to burn could only have been conferred in respect of the Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle, which were undoubtedly his, and not in respect of papers, which were lent him by Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, to be employed

in preparing the Life, and which were, he admits, to be returned to her. Froude could only use a comparatively small portion of the mass of papers inadvisedly lent to him, and he could scarcely expect that his projected "Life of Carlyle" was to be the last word on the subject.

But still more unequivocal acknowledgments by Froude of Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's property in the manuscripts are forthcoming. He wrote to the *Times* on the 25th February, 1881, specifically correcting the misstatement he had previously made, claiming the papers as a gift from Carlyle, for in a letter to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle of the 23rd February, 1881, he said: "As to the *Times*, I think I had better write a little note to Chinery (the Editor) to say that by 'gave' I only meant 'gave in charge to make use of,' and that the MSS. belong to you." Accordingly in his *Times* letter of the 25th of February, 1881, he wrote: "I wish to add that in saying that Mr. Carlyle gave me these papers I did not mean that he gave them to me as my property, but that he entrusted me with the use of them. . . . The papers belong to his niece, Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, to whom he directed me to return them."

And yet Froude has the audacity—there is no other word for it—to say in "My Relations with Carlyle" in 1887 that it is still "an open question" whether the papers were his, forgetting that he has again and again privately and publicly acknowledged that they were not his. Carlyle had told him they were not his. He had been merely

"entrusted with the use of them," as he himself said in his letter to the *Times*.

Mrs. Alexander Carlyle had left Froude in undisturbed possession of her papers until the publication of the "Reminiscences." Up to that time Froude was on terms of intimate friendship with her and her husband, and they never doubted that he would faithfully discharge his trust. But the appearance of the "Reminiscences" was a shock to them, and what Froude calls "the hailstorm of unfavourable criticism" which the book provoked made them feel that it was incumbent on them to do something to protect their uncle's memory, and to prevent further desecration of it. The inclusion of the Jane Welsh Carlyle Memoir in the "Reminiscences," about which not a word had been said to them, convinced them that Froude would not be bound by Carlyle's directions, and could not therefore be safely entrusted with the more momentous work of preparing the "Life." Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, who had not, as Froude insinuates, any sordid motives, but a single eye to her duty to her uncle and her family and to truth, suggested that Froude should have associated with him in his labours, which he described as arduous and oppressive, two or three other friends of Carlyle, men of judgment and discretion, to be agreed on. This proposal Froude—intensely chagrined by the publication of Carlyle's prohibition on the publication of the Jane Welsh Carlyle Memoir—strongly resented. On the 9th of May, 1881, he wrote to the *Times* as follows: "The

Memoir of the late Mrs. Carlyle and the collection of her letters made by Mr. Carlyle and partially prepared by him for publication, are my personal property, given to me to make such use of as might seem good to me. I am the sole judge what parts of them should or should not be printed, and neither Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, nor any one else has a right to call in question the discretion which Mr. Carlyle left with me alone. These papers, which are mine, I shall keep. The Memoir is published, the letters will be published. I decline to allow any person or persons, whether friends of Mr. Carlyle or not, to be associated with me in the discharge of a trust which belongs exclusively to myself. The remaining papers, which I was directed to return to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle as soon as I had done with them, I will restore at once to any responsible person whom she will empower to receive them from me.

"I have reason to complain of the position in which I have been placed with respect to these MSS. They were sent to me at intervals, without inventory or even numerical list. I was told that the more I burnt of them the better, and they were for several years in my possession before I was even aware that they were not my own. Happily, I had destroyed none of them, and Mrs. Alexander Carlyle can have them all when she pleases."

"*The remaining papers, which I was directed to return to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle as soon as I had done with them, I will restore at once to any responsible person whom she will empower to receive them*

from me." "*Mrs. Alexander Carlyle can have them all when she pleases.*"

Here we have a voluntary, unequivocal, unconditional offer, twice repeated in a letter to the *Times*. A responsible person, her Solicitor, empowered by Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, applied to Froude for the papers the following day. Froude refused to give them up. No explanation was given. He had changed his mind. It has since been said, that Froude's co-executor, Sir James Stephen, objected to the delivery of the papers, on the ground of some shadowy claim that the residuary legatees might have upon them. That was an after-thought. Nothing was said about it at the time the delivery was refused. Froude's own subsequent explanation was that he was provoked into making the offer, and had been "worried into great impatience," but it was necessary to find some better reason than that for the non-fulfilment of a definite and deliberate offer made in the columns of the *Times*, and so the co-executor and his objection came upon the scene. That this objection was not valid may be gathered from the way in which Mr. Cozens-Hardy brushed aside any claim of the executors on these papers, and that it was not genuine, may be inferred from the fact, that the offer remained still unfulfilled, after Mrs. Alexander Carlyle had undertaken to procure the assent of all the residuary legatees, or to provide the executors with an indemnity against any possible claim that might be made against the residuary estate. If the papers belonged to the executors on behalf

of the residuary estate, one is constrained to ask how came it that Sir James Stephen, on behalf of Mr. Froude, was at this time offering Mrs. Alexander Carlyle the profits of the "Reminiscences," which in that case neither he nor Froude had a right to touch? How came it that Froude appropriated the profits of the "Life," which in that case, in part at least, ought to have gone to the residuary legatees?

Plain men with non-legal minds will perhaps raise their eyebrows a little when they read Sir James Stephen's defence of Froude's breach of promise. "You afterwards considered yourself entitled, and I entirely agreed with you, to refuse to carry out the intention thus expressed. It had no legal validity. It was a mere statement of your intention, and was at the most a voluntary promise founded on no consideration, made in a moment of irritation, and which did not in any degree affect Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's position." At all events it was a promise to which Froude had called the world to bear witness, by publishing it in the *Times*, and Sir James Stephen's statement that his deliberate breach of it in no way affected Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's position is incorrect. It caused her much suffering and distress, and as things turned out, although that consideration did not weigh with her at the time, it deprived her of a very large sum of money which went into Froude's pocket. If the papers had been returned to her she could have herself undertaken the Biography, as Froude had once said she was well able to do, or she could

have arranged with some other literary man to write it, retaining such a share of the profits as she was fairly entitled to, seeing that all the materials were undeniably hers. Froude retained the papers and wrote the "Life," and all the profits of it, which were very large, were his.

The fact remains that Froude deliberately broke his deliberate promise. The humiliating position in which he thus placed himself does not seem to have been improved by the excuses of his friends.

The Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle were absolutely Froude's property, given and bequeathed to him to do his best and wisest with, and to publish when made ready for publication, after what delay, seven, ten years, he might in his discretion decide. The only questions that arose regarding them were whether they were not published prematurely and whether they were wisely edited. Instead of waiting for seven years after Carlyle's death—and most people will, we think, accept that as the plain meaning of the Will, they were out within two years of that event, and "fit editing" there was none. "Forster," says Froude, "read both memoir and letters. To me he gave no opinion." His widow assured Mrs. Alexander Carlyle that Forster was altogether opposed to the publication of either Letters or Memoir, and there can be no question that Dr. Carlyle took the same view. But a much more serious question arose in regard to the Memoir that was attached to the Letters and Memorials, entitled "Jane Welsh Carlyle." This was written by Carlyle, not as an expiation, as Froude

represents, but as a relief to his feelings in his most dejected moments, after his wife's death, and it was assuredly his most earnest wish that it should never see the light in any public sense, or go beyond a small circle of private friends. Could there be a prohibition against publication more solemn or binding than this, which in Carlyle's handwriting was attached to the Memoir?—

"I still mainly mean to *burn* this Book before my own departure; but feel that I shall always have a kind of grudge to do it, and an indolent excuse, 'Not *yet;* wait, any day that can be done!'—and that it *is* possible the thing *may* be left behind me, legible to interested survivors,—*friends* only, I will hope, and with *worthy* curiosity not *un*worthy!

"In which event, I solemnly forbid them each and all, to *publish* this Bit of Writing *as it stands here;* and warn them that *without fit editing* no *part* of it should be printed (nor so far as I can order, *shall* ever be); and that the '*fit* editing' of perhaps nine-tenths of it will, after I am gone, have become *impossible.*"

Notwithstanding this stringent and impressive embargo, Froude published the Memoir within a month of Carlyle's death, torn from the Letters and Memorials to which Carlyle had attached it, and included in the "Reminiscences," made up of papers on Carlyle's father, Edward Irving, Lord Jeffrey, Southey and Wordsworth. The prohibition against publication, which formed part of the Memoir, was suppressed, and would never have been heard of, had not Mrs. Alexander Carlyle discovered

it and sent it to the *Times*. Froude then explained that the written prohibition, indited at a time when Carlyle was fully conscious of the character of his work, was subsequently cancelled by oral communications, when or where he did not say. This Mrs. Alexander Carlyle firmly denied. During the thirteen years she was her uncle's constant companion and amanuensis, she knew of the existence of this fragment, and often heard him speak of it, always in the sense that it should never be published, and she was astounded when she heard from Mr. Allingham that it was actually in print. Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's letter which appeared in the *Times* of May 5th, 1881, which Froude called "a passionate and angry challenge," was studiously moderate in tone, and was written because she thought it only right that people should know that her uncle had, when his mind was clear on the subject, forbidden the publication of the Jane Welsh Carlyle Memoir, which was the part of the "Reminiscences" which gave most offence. Froude's defence was "My conviction is that he wished it to be published, though he would not himself order it." In another place on this very point, Froude says, "He [Carlyle] never gave me any order," so the responsibility was his. Froude took the plunge from which, he says, Carlyle shrank, but which, as a matter of fact, he had absolutely declined. Even while asserting that the injunction against publication had been withdrawn, Froude never ventured to say that Carlyle had sanctioned the removal of the Memoir from the Letters

and Memorials and its inclusion in the "Reminiscences," and the reason given for this transference is remarkable. Froude removed the Jane Welsh Carlyle Memoir from the Letters and Memorials, and published it with the "Reminiscences" "because," he coolly tells us, "when the Letters appeared, the blame of much might be thrown on her." His object, therefore, was that people might blame Carlyle for what ought really to be laid to Mrs. Carlyle's charge. The proceeding was in every way an unjust one, for the Letters, or a fair selection of them, published along with the Jane Welsh Carlyle Memoir, would have relieved its gloom and prevented many wrong impressions, difficult to smooth away when once stamped in.

Even had there been no prohibition on the publication of the Jane Welsh Carlyle Memoir, its publication and those of the other papers with which it was bound up, without fit editing, was a colossal mistake. The papers are beautiful, but scattered through them are acrid and stinging things that Carlyle had, in his dyspeptic moods and incongruous way, said about his most eminent contemporaries and private friends. There is not one of us who would like to see his or her private diaries and familiar epistles given to the world without fit editing. Froude took seriously, what were in Carlyle often mere manifestations of biliousness or only fantastic tropes. And even if he had Carlyle's directions—which he assuredly had not—to publish his undress and unpremeditated asperities, he erred in doing so, for no man is entitled

to depute to another the doing of that which is in itself wrong and ruthless. Over-statement was habitual with Carlyle, and his hard words not seldom concealed the tenderest sentiments. Mrs. Gilchrist relates that once, when he had just been advocating the shooting of Irishmen who would not work, he was affected until the tears ran down his face, when Mrs. Carlyle read aloud the account of the execution of the Italian Burnelli; and that on another occasion he was caught lavishing endearments on the little dog Nero, the uselessness of whose existence he had been, a few minutes before, denouncing in unmeasured terms. He was sometimes a rough-rinded but always a soft-hearted man.

The "Reminiscences" was, Froude himself tells us, "received with a violence of censure for which he was wholly unprepared," but which was not to be wondered at. They presented an altogether unexpected and intensely painful outline of Carlyle; they wounded the feelings of many living persons, and they bore obvious traces of haste and carelessness on the part of the editor. They were printed in so slovenly a manner as to obscure the sense. The punctuation, the use of capitals, parentheses, italics, characteristic of Carlyle's style, were entirely disregarded. Professor Charles Eliot Norton found that, in the first five pages of the printed text, there were more than a hundred and thirty corrections to be made of words, punctuation, capitals, quotation marks and such like, and these pages were not exceptional, and were printed from MS. written in

1832, when Carlyle's hand-writing was at its best. For this blundering, Froude has excused himself in "My Relations with Carlyle," by saying that Carlyle's manuscripts were harder to decipher than the worst manuscripts he had ever examined, and that he was often at a loss to know what particular words might be. But he had himself described Carlyle's manuscripts as "beautiful," and they are still in existence, and can be submitted to competent judges, who will assuredly pronounce them deserving of that description. They are clear, distinct and easily read, and in connection with Froude's excuse, it is instructive to note that it is, in the printed text of Carlyle's latest writing, when his hand was shaky, which, Froude says, he had to work at with a magnifying-glass, that the fewest mistakes occur. But, as will be seen presently, the liberties that Froude took with Carlyle's manuscripts were not confined to literal or verbal inaccuracies, but included material alterations affecting meaning.

It was not only in connection with the inclusion of the Jane Welsh Carlyle Memoir in the "Reminiscences," and the flagrant errors that deface that work, that serious difficulties arose. The disposal of the profits of it gave rise to complications, which first came to the surface when arrangements for an American edition had to be made. Froude's version of these complications has been cut out of the text of "My Relations with Carlyle," by the editors and relegated to the appendix, so that it may not interfere with the continuity of the narrative; but, as it raises a

question vitally affecting Froude's good faith and is really the introduction to an essential part of the case against him in relation to the Carlyle manuscripts, we think it better to discuss it here.

"A singular fatality," Froude observes, when approaching the American negotiations, "has attended me from first to last in this business." That is quite true, but the fatality was in his own mind and methods, and that it was so is clearly established by the fact that we find an American publisher, with whom he had dealings, bringing exactly the same accusations against him which have been made by all those who have closely scrutinized his conduct and work in literary affairs in this country. Messrs. Harper and Brothers of New York (the Mr. —— of Froude's Essay, but we see no reason why their name should be concealed) have accused him of having, by giving Carlyle's "Reminiscences" to his own American publishers, disregarded the usage which, in the absence of international copyright, has been found to be the fairest practicable arrangement, and is observed by all the leading publishers in America, under which is conceded to the house which has issued the work of an English author, the option of republishing upon mutually satisfactory terms the subsequent works of the same author. They accuse him of inaccuracy, and not merely of lapses, but of tergiversations of memory. They accuse him of repudiating a formal engagement and of having said what was to his knowledge incorrrect in

informing Messrs. Scribner that they were the recognised publishers of only one small work of Carlyle's, whereas they were his publishers for the "Early Kings of Norway" and "Frederick," and purchased several of his other works from G. P. Putnam.

It is not necessary for us to enter on the dispute of the publishers, but in the course of it there came out a bit of evidence which effectually disposes of Froude's contention, which, in view of his own admission to the contrary, it is truly astonishing to find repeated in "My Relations with Carlyle," that Mrs. Alexander Carlyle had no claim to the profits of the "Reminiscences" and that his offer to let her have any part of them was "a spontaneous resolution" of his own, and a piece of gratuitous generosity. Mr. Moncure Conway (the Mr. X. of Froude's essay, but why should his name be concealed?), was in 1879 representing Messrs. Harper and Brothers in England, and, hearing that the "Reminiscences" were in contemplation, he approached Carlyle on the subject, suggesting that the book should appear during his lifetime. On the 4th November, 1879, Mr. Moncure Conway wrote to Messrs. Harper and Brothers as follows:—"The old man was evidently gratified by your thoughtfulness in considering whether he might not like to have some of the money while yet alive. However, he does not desire any money . . . and he desires that all the money which his autobiographical work shall bring shall be paid to his niece, Mary Aitken Carlyle, who has lived with him

since his wife's death and is now nursing him, night and day. This book is to be added to her share as she well deserves."

Now here we have the testimony of an independent and disinterested witness writing in 1879, and after direct communication with Carlyle, that, as Mrs. Alexander Carlyle consistently maintained, Carlyle had decided that the profits of the "Reminiscences" should go to her as part of the provision he intended to make for her. And that was an equitable arrangement, for the "Reminiscences," as Carlyle understood them, consisted entirely of his own literary work which he had given to his niece. He had no foreshadowing that his instructions would be set at naught, and that the Jane Welsh Carlyle Memoir, which none but loving eyes should see, would be incorporated in the book for public gaze in both hemispheres. These essays were amongst the manuscripts which Mrs. Alexander Carlyle had too liberally lent to Froude for his Life of her uncle, but they had a biographic rather than an autobiographic value, and when they were separated from the other material for publication as a separate work, they were placed outside Froude's commission. Froude ultimately established a personal interest in the work by adding to it the Jane Welsh Carlyle Memoir, which formed part of the manuscripts given and bequeathed to him by Carlyle, but during Carlyle's life he never ventured to moot such a proceeding. Froude wrote to Carlyle on the 29th September, 1879, enumerating the names of the articles that were to form the

"Reminiscences," and the Memoir is not amongst them!

While Carlyle lived Froude made no claim to the profits of the "Reminiscences." He told Mrs. Alexander Carlyle that she had a better right to the money than he, as the book was her uncle's writing and not his. His exact words, one month before Carlyle's death were, "The book was written by your uncle, not by me, and there would be no propriety in my receiving the money for it." He regarded himself merely as a trustee of the copyright for her, and when she was dining with him on the 20th of November, 1879, her husband, Mr. Alexander Carlyle, Mr. Ashley Froude and Miss Margaret Froude being present, he confirmed this in the most explicit manner, promising to hold the whole profits of the "Reminiscences" for her. Carlyle died in the belief that these profits were part of the provision he had made for his niece. It was, therefore, with astonishment that on the 14th of February, 1881 (Carlyle being then dead, and the "Reminiscences" not yet published), she heard from Froude that Longman had paid him £650 for the first edition, out of which he proposed to pay her £300 as half of his receipts—"the odd £50 I keep for another purpose," that other purpose being, it turned out, a subscription *in his own name* to a fund then being raised to buy 5, Cheyne Row, and present it to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle. To this Mrs. Alexander Carlyle demurred, as being inconsistent with her uncle's intentions and Froude's engagement with her; and on the 21st of February,

1881, Sir James Stephen wrote to her that Froude was perfectly satisfied with the note of a conversation with her which Sir James Stephen had himself drafted. The note on this point ran thus :—

"Mrs. Alexander Carlyle says that Mr. Froude some time ago promised to give her the whole proceeds of the 'Reminiscences,' and that she informed her uncle of his intention, and that he approved it, and that under these circumstances she declines to receive any share of the proceeds less than the whole."

On the same day, 21st February, 1881, Froude wrote to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle: "I had settled in my own mind that you ought to have half of the English copyright of BOTH books, the 'Reminiscences' and the 'Life and Letters' to follow. *Of course* you shall have *every farthing that comes from the 'Reminiscences,'* whether from England, America, or the Continent, and I hope that it will prove as good a bargain for you as the other would have been. . . . I may as well remind you that two-thirds of the second volume of the 'Reminiscences' is from the 'Letters and Memorials,' and so mine, if I wished to insist on such a thing, which I don't."

Two days later, on the 23rd of February, Froude wrote to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle as follows: "I am bound to tell you that Ashley [Froude's son], who was present, it seems, at one of the conversations about the copyright, entirely confirms *your* account of it. I am utterly ashamed of myself, and I can only suppose that the addition of a new volume

with fresh matter [the Jane Welsh Carlyle Memoir] and a general sense that I had been thinking a good deal about the American part of the business, had confused my memory of what had passed and led me to believe that I was free to arrange the details over again. I do not wonder now at anything which you may have thought of me."

Whether Froude ever had definitely settled in his own mind that half the English copyright of the "Reminiscences" and "Life and Letters" ought to be Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's, cannot now be known. That bargain would have been largely more advantageous to her than the one she had made and adhered to, which, although Froude afterwards repudiated it, he at this time acknowledged in the frankest manner. Even Sir James Stephen, Froude's *fidus Achates* and champion, was constrained to admit Mrs. Carlyle's claim to the profits of the "Reminiscences," for in the preamble to an agreement he proposed, he wrote, "That it was understood between Mrs. Alexander Carlyle and Mr. Froude that Mrs. Alexander Carlyle should have the profits of the publication of the said volume ['Reminiscences'], and that such an undertaking was communicated to Mr. Carlyle in his lifetime and approved by him." With reference to the proposal that all the profits of the "Reminiscences," less £300 retained by Froude in respect of the addition to the book of the Jane Welsh Carlyle Memoir, Sir James Stephen wrote, "It seems to me that this arrangement would be essentially just. It would give Mrs. Carlyle what both her uncle and Mr. Froude

intended her to have. . . . It is, indeed, not improbable that she would have been better provided for in the will if this expectation on the part of her uncle had not existed."

Will it be believed that after all this, after the acknowledgment of her uncle's intentions, and of his solemn understanding on the subject with him, of her equitable right to the proceeds of what was entirely her uncle's work, of his own engagement with her which he felt so much shame in having attempted to depart from, of his written and many times repeated promise, Froude actually refused to pay over the profits of the "Reminiscences" to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle unless she would admit that it was a free gift from him? Will it be believed that he was supported in this by Sir James Stephen? Sir James Stephen wrote to Dr. Benson, Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's solicitor, on the 20th September, 1881: "Mr. Froude admits that she has a moral right to the proceeds, less £300, if she is willing to accept it as a present and to admit his property in the MSS. But if she refuses what he offers on the terms he offers it, he says she has no right to it at all." In reply to a letter from Dr. Benson declining any such admission on the part of Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, Sir James Stephen wrote, "I altogether dissent from the view that, if Mrs. Carlyle sues Mr. Froude and fails to establish any legal claim against him, he will still be under a moral obligation to give her the proceeds of the 'Reminiscences' or to return the papers. I think that a promise unaccepted is simply an offer which the promiser is both legally and morally

justified in revoking at any time before it is accepted."

Sir James Stephen had previously written, be it remembered, that Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's claim was "essentially just."

Froude's position seems to have been: "You say that I am indebted to you £10 in virtue of my engagement with you and with your uncle, in faith of which he died. I admit it, and here is the money; but you shall not have it unless you admit that it is a free gift from me."

Sir James Stephen's was: "I spontaneously and unconditionally promised you £10, but you said I was indebted to you in that amount and failed to establish your claim, my promise is therefore legally and morally null and void."

Mrs. Alexander Carlyle received the profits and copyright of the "Reminiscences" as a gift from her uncle; she declined to accept them or any part of them as a gift from Froude, who received £300 in respect of the "Jane Welsh Carlyle Memoir," and every penny of the profits from his "Life of Carlyle," notwithstanding that the materials he used were her property (and the custom is, we believe, that the owner of the material receives half the profits), and likewise every penny that came from the "Letters and Memorials," notwithstanding that she had copied with her own hand the Memoir of Jane Welsh Carlyle and the whole of her aunt's letters and Carlyle's notes on them, twice over. Froude's generosity in handing over the profits of the "Reminiscences," as arranged with

Carlyle, while keeping a firm grip on all the rest, is not very apparent.

In claiming the profits of the "Reminiscences," Mrs. Alexander Carlyle was only asking for what she believed was justly due to her, and her object in seeking legal advice was not, as Froude suggests, to enforce the payment of the money, but, if possible, to prevent him from misusing the materials for the Biography as by common consent he had misused those of the "Reminiscences." She repeatedly offered to give up the whole proceeds of the first issue of the "Reminiscences," which amounted to £1,530, exclusive of the £300 retained by Froude in respect of the Jane Welsh Carlyle Memoir, as well as the copyright of the book and all future profits, if he would act upon his public undertaking contained in his letter to the *Times* of May 9, 1881, and would at once restore to her the papers and proceed no further with the Biography. When Froude and his co-executor, Sir James Stephen, suggested that the proceeds of the "Reminiscences," as well as the papers, might belong to Mr. Carlyle's residuary estate, she offered to provide a substantial and approved indemnity against any possible claim by the residuary legatees. She never sought from Froude, nor did he ever offer to her any profits beyond those derived from the publication of the "Reminiscences," less £300, which he retained "in satisfaction," as Sir James Stephen put it, "of any claim he might have in respect of the MS. called 'Jane Welsh Carlyle,' or in respect of his own labour in preparing the work.'

Seeing that the "Reminiscences" was entirely the work of Carlyle's pen, and that the book was sent forth practically unedited and loaded with errors, most literary men will think that Froude was not inadequately paid for his labour.

Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, however, found herself powerless to prevent the further desecration of her uncle's memory. She was not at liberty to withdraw from Froude the loan of the papers, given to her by her uncle, until the purpose for which the loan was given was fulfilled, and he was at liberty to go on with that work, even after he had twice voluntarily offered to give it over into other hands. When in 1877 she consented to let Froude have the papers she had implicit faith in his loyalty. That was the time when Sir James Stephen saw him deporting himself as the affectionate son to the venerated father. That was the time when he was habitually beginning his letters to her "My dear Mary." That was the time when, with all these shameful stories now belched forth, dwelling in his mind, he wrote to her, "You know well that there is no man on earth that I love and honour as I do your uncle, and in that spirit I hope to work." She never doubted his loyalty, and being young and inexperienced in the ways of the world, and, moreover, much occupied in waiting on her uncle, she did not attempt to make any selection from the papers, but sent him a mass of material, keeping no inventory, so that she never had any definite idea of what she had forwarded, from time to time, to Onslow Gardens. Had Froude known how he

came to be possessed of all Carlyle's private letters, journals, etc., he would scarcely have boasted as he did in his letter to the *Times*, of February 14th, 1881, of the trust Carlyle had placed in him. It was Mrs. Alexander Carlyle who so bountifully trusted him, not Carlyle, and for having done so she bitterly repented. She discovered, when too late, that she had placed in Froude's hands much that her uncle had never intended him to see, and the knowledge that she had thus unwittingly aided him in his work of disparagement, preyed on her health and spirits, or, as she herself said, broke her heart. The complete justification of her forebodings and suspicion of Froude's designs has come in "My Relations with Carlyle."

Amongst the papers which Miss Mary Aitken too confidingly lent to Froude were the love-letters which passed between Carlyle and Miss Welsh before their marriage, and which would assuredly never have been seen by his or any other eye, had she noticed what Carlyle had written respecting them. "*My strict command now is, 'Burn them if ever found. Let no third party read them; let no printing of them or any part of them be ever thought of by those who love me.'*" And yet in defiance of this heart-felt and, we may say, death-bed conjuration, Froude opened the packet, read all the letters, and published a selection of them in the Early Life. He never ventured to assert that there had been any verbal withdrawal of this most earnest written command, and his conduct in ignoring it may be left to the judgment of right-minded men.

And not only did Froude read the love-letters which Carlyle held sacrosanct, not only did he publish some of them, but he so selected those which he published and so put a gloss on them by his accompanying comments, that they convey an entirely erroneous impression of the relations in which Carlyle and Miss Welsh stood to each other. It fell to the lot of Professor Charles Eliot Norton to compare the love-letters published by Froude with the originals—a duty, however uncongenial, made imperative by Froude's conduct—and, although Professor Norton gives us but partial glimpses of the courtship in a few selections, withholding the rest on the ground that they are too sacred for publication—he has done enough to prove that the characters and relations of Carlyle and Miss Welsh to each other during that period were different, both in particulars and in general effect, from those depicted by Froude. Professor Norton openly charged Froude with having in the case of the love-letters diverged from the truth, made assertions incompatible with the evidence, and with having coloured by his own imagination, those statements, having the form of truth, which he preserved.

This was no irresponsible chatter in a newspaper; it was not a mere rumour. It was a well-weighed charge, by an eminent man of letters, and supported by convincing documentary evidence. It was made in 1886. Froude never replied to it. He has no word to say about it in "My Relations with Carlyle," written the following year. With reference to Professor Norton's charges against Froude the

Athenæum (November 6th, 1886) said: "The charges are very grave indeed, and as Froude in his letter to the *Times* makes no answer to these statements, it must be assumed that he allows judgment to go by default."

Space will not permit of the reproduction of the series of striking instances given by Professor Norton of Froude's warping and varnishing of the love-letters, but one illustration, of his style of going to work and of the amount of trust to be reposed in him, may be given. "Mr. Froude tells the story, which will be remembered by all readers of the book, of the relations between Edward Irving and Miss Welsh, of his falling in love with her after his engagement to his future wife, of her reciprocation of his feeling, of her refusal to encourage him because of the bonds by which he was held, and of the conclusion of the affair by his marriage to Miss Martin. It was an affair discreditable to Irving, and for a time it brought much suffering to Miss Welsh. Mr. Froude is aware that the telling of such a private experience requires excuse, and he justifies it by the following plea:—'I should not unveil a story so sacred in itself, and in which the public have no concern, merely to amuse their curiosity; but Mrs. Carlyle's character was profoundly affected by this early disappointment, and cannot be understood without a knowledge of it. Carlyle himself, though acquainted generally with the circumstances, never realised completely the intensity of the feeling which had been crushed.'

"Both of these alleged grounds of excuse are

contradicted by the evidence of the letters of Miss Welsh and Carlyle. Her letters show that her feelings for Irving, first controlled by principle and honour, soon underwent a very natural change. Her love for him was the passion of an ardent and inexperienced girl, twenty or twenty-one years old, whose character was undeveloped, and who had but an imperfect understanding of the capacities and demands of her own nature. In the years that followed upon this incident she made rapid progress in self-knowledge and in the knowledge of others, chiefly through Carlyle's influence, and she came to a more just estimate of Irving's character than she had originally formed. Irving's letters to her, his career in London, his published writings, revealed to her clear discernment his essential weakness,—his vanity, his mawkish sentimentality, his self-deception, his extravagance verging to cant in matters of religion. The contrast between his nature and Carlyle's did 'affect her profoundly,' and her temporary passion for Irving was succeeded by a far deeper and healthier love. 'What an idiot I was for ever thinking that man so estimable,' she wrote in May, 1824.'" It will be recollected that she afterwards pointedly remarked, that if she had married Irving there would have been no gift of tongues.

The whole tendency of the love-letters, as given by Froude, is to put Carlyle in an unpleasant and intensely selfish light. This is evinced "in many minor disparaging statements, so made as to avoid arousing suspicion of their having little or no foundation, and arranged so as to contribute artfully

to the general effect of depreciation. Like the "Reminiscences," the love-letters are thickly studded with errors and with unnoted omissions of words, clauses, and sentences, which sometimes interfere seriously with the meaning.

What has been said of the Froude version of the love-letters as regards their disposition to make the worst of Carlyle, applies to all the early letters made use of by Froude. One has but to read these letters in Froude's "Life" with his comments, and compare them with Professor Norton's series of early Letters without comment, to recognise two different streams of tendency. The latter do not leave a bad taste in the mouth. The impression they make is vastly more agreeable. The sense of sourness and cynicism is submerged in floods of kindliness and geniality. Even when Froude is most favourable to Carlyle, he does not succeed in inducing the same degree of sympathy and admiration, that Norton's Letters evoke. Froude depicts Carlyle's relations with his father and mother and brothers and sisters as creditable to him—he could not avoid doing so—but in Norton's letters these relations become generous and delightful. We discover him there the affectionate, thoughtful, reverent son, and considerate monitor and liberal-handed guide of the rest of the family circle. We see him in far manlier, gentler, more gracious form than Froude has suggested to us.

Froude's allegation—made to suggest a sordid motive—that "more than once inquiries had been made of me by her [Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's]

lawyers when there would be any further money coming to her from other editions?" is at variance with the facts. Copies of all Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's lawyer's letters have been preserved, and in not one of them is there any inquiry about a second edition. The lawyers are happily alive and are ready to meet Froude's statement with a flat denial. It was Froude's lawyers who first raised the question of a second edition of the "Reminiscences." On the 12th of January, 1886, they wrote: "The 'Reminiscences' of Thomas Carlyle are now out of print and a new edition is, or soon will be, required . . . . He [Mr. Froude] proposes that, as Mrs. Mary Carlyle is to have the profit of the work, she should correct and edit the new edition, but with this proviso that the Memoir of Mrs. Jane W. Carlyle is withdrawn from the book. This Memoir being Mr. Froude's property in every sense of the word, he does not intend it to appear again with the 'Reminiscences,' but will attach it as a preface to the 'Letters of Mrs. Carlyle.'"

The nonchalance of this proposal will be understood when it is remembered that £300 had been paid to Mr. Froude for the use of this Memoir in the "Reminiscences" together with his editorial labours. Of course the proposal was objected to and the objection was sustained. How interesting it is to note that Froude had at length discovered that the Jane Welsh Carlyle Memoir had been dislocated from its proper attachments, and that its right place was as a preface to the Letters!

Throughout "My Relations with Carlyle" Froude

assumes the attitude of an injured person and solicits public commiseration. The task of writing Carlyle's Biography was, he says, thrust on him, he accepted it with reluctance, he several times resolved to go no further with it, but disinterested friendship carried him on at a great personal sacrifice, and, while he might have produced a popular work that would have pleased everybody, he courageously chose to incur obloquy in order to insure to Carlyle that post-mortem immolation which he had so earnestly desired. No one kept faith with him. Carlyle *ought to* have informed him that he intended the papers should be made use of by others. Mrs. Alexander Carlyle *ought to* have informed him that the papers were hers. Mr. Norton *ought to* have communicated with him. But everybody did what they ought not to have done and he was left lamenting.

Whether the work of becoming Carlyle's biographer was thrust on Froude, or whether he diligently sought it, it is now impossible to say. It was unlike Carlyle to thrust such a task on anyone, and up till 1877 he abjured any biography of himself. That Froude was reluctant to undertake it, is not apparent. He did twice threaten to throw it up, but, when pressed to surrender it, he clung to it stubbornly. However much friendship may have mingled with it, that it was a disinterested undertaking cannot be maintained, for it brought Froude very large profits. It is distasteful to have to allude to the money question; but it is Froude who has introduced it by attributing to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle the most mercenary motives, and indeed even dishonesty,

in making a claim to money to which she was not justly entitled, while at the same time he is dwelling on his own generosity. A casual reader of "My Relations with Carlyle" might rise from the perusal of it, believing that Mrs. Alexander Carlyle had greedily grasped at everything and that Froude had worked for nothing. It is therefore necessary to point out that Froude was well paid for all he did. We have reason to believe that his "Life of Carlyle" was the most remunerative piece of literary work in which he ever engaged. He has told us that the profits of the first issue of the "Reminiscences" amounted to £1,830. Let his representatives tell us what have been the profits of his seven subsequent volumes, and the public will then be in a position to judge whether he was quite as disinterested and badly used as he tries to make out. The "Letters and Memorials," which he had merely to edit for the press, were a handsome legacy, and from the other papers he drew no small reward, or what he himself would describe as "an immense sum."

That Froude, in order that Carlyle might enjoy that posthumous penance which he extolled as heroic, but which common men must regard as idiotic, braved a storm of public censure, is mere moonshine. He has told us that he was "quite unprepared for the violence of censure" with which the "Reminiscences" was received. "Those tender and suffering passages," he wrote, "which I was universally reproached for having published, I thought, and I still think, were precisely those

which would win and command, the pity and sympathy of mankind." The fact is that he made a miscalculation,—a huge and grievous one,—and mankind at once found him out and condemned him accordingly. If Carlyle did hanker after a moral cremation, and there is not a shred of evidence beyond Froude's imaginary conversations that he ever did so, it was a senile and morbid epiphenomenon of distracting grief, which a true friend should have taken at its real value. What good could come to any mortal man from perpetuating the wailings of a grief-tortured soul, from reverberating them and founding on them a story of life-long delinquency? The only effect that Froude's action could have would be to impair and weaken the influence of Carlyle, of the importance of which, he declares, he had such a high sense, and which will, he prophesied, increase with each generation. He has done his best to put a stop to it. If all the world is to be made every great man's valet, and if the tenderest tremors of his heart-strings, in the pensive twilight, are to be trumpeted abroad as the quakings of a guilty soul, we had better have no biographies at all.

In "My Relations with Carlyle" Froude has advanced in rancour far beyond the "Life," and while attempting to blacken his subject has hopelessly stultified himself. "The only life of a man," he has written, "which is not worse than useless is a 'Life' which tells all the truth so far as the biographer knows it." He wrote what purported to be a true Life of Carlyle, in which he expressly

stated he had concealed nothing, but all the time he had up his sleeve a series of shocking charges which he held ready, on occasion, to produce, and which his son and daughter have now tabled. The charges are false, but if they had been true, what good could their production do? Surely it was fatuous to imagine that Froude could clear his own honour if assailed, by throwing shame on the memory of the dead man who had trusted him, whose loving friend he professed to be, whose reputation he had already injured, and from whom he had derived large pecuniary advantage? The charge against Froude was that he had misunderstood Carlyle, and had in his haste, inaccuracy of vision, and imaginative misconception, depicted him in a sombre and unfavourable light, and made him appear quite other than he was. His retort to that charge is, "I was too kind to him: he was hideous and repulsive, and I knew it all the time." Is there in the history of Biography another instance of perfidy like this? There has assuredly been no literary outrage approaching it since the publication of Hogg's *brochure* on "The Domestic Manners and Private Life of Sir Walter Scott."

With plaintive air Froude asks what motive he could have had beyond his desire to gratify Carlyle's remorse, and to mete out stern justice, for the course which he took in his "Life of Carlyle"? We would rather leave motives alone and deal with actions, but it is Froude who twice over has challenged an examination of his motives. It is true, as he says, that no one does wrong with-

out some motive, but motives are often beyond sounding depth—and the most potent of them are sometimes the most unfathomable. It is possible that some of the motives which actuated Froude in his dealings with Carlyle's biographical material were sub-liminal in their operation and unknown to himself; but on the surface, motives, not wanting in strength, are discernible. Froude is not entitled to say "I had no secret injuries to resent." It is not improbable that some of Carlyle's too outspoken strictures on his writings, such as that they displayed "a fondness for indecent exposure," and his far from complimentary references to him in the letters he read, may have rankled in his breast, and it is at any rate certain, from the contents of this pamphlet, that there was a sense of injury as to the manner in which Carlyle had disposed of his papers. "If he had intended," says Froude, "that these papers should be made use of by others and in opposition to the judgment at which I should arrive, should that judgment not coincide with theirs, then he was not dealing fairly with me." "In his will," he says, "he had left his papers to his brother John. This, too, I did not know and I ought to have been informed of it." "If it was so," he says again [if the papers had been given to his niece Miss Mary Aitken, as they undoubtedly were], "I had again been treated unfairly, for I ought to have been informed of it; but all was left uncertain, all was in confusion." Finally he puts it bluntly enough, "but faith had not been kept with me." Froude does not seem to have

kept his sense of grievance to himself, but infected with it Sir James Stephen, who says: "The whole difficulty in this matter arose from the feebleness and indecision—natural enough in extreme old age—which prevented Mr. Carlyle from making up his mind conclusively as to what he wished to be done about his papers, and having his decision put into writing." Unquestionably when Froude came to arrange and comment on these papers the old reverence which led him at one time to regard Carlyle as almost superhuman, so that he reflected how every word he wrote would seem in his eyes, in order that affectation might be avoided, had evaporated, and there had come in its place a rigorous appraisement of the many faults and failings of the erstwhile hero—amongst which had been some want of candour in his conferences with James Anthony Froude. Love and admiration there still were, Froude assures us, but mingled with these was grave reprehension and—shall we say—wounded *amour propre?*

But if it was in this mood that Froude entered on his biographical campaign, other motives determining its course and issue soon came into play. The "Reminiscences" appeared, and were received, as he has told us, with a violence of censure for which he was quite unprepared, and from that moment it became an object with him to justify himself. Instead of bowing to the universal condemnation of his indiscretions and observing reticence and discrimination in his further progress in the work, he bent himself to make good his case, and influenced no doubt by the knowledge that he

had in his keeping, as a last resort, those shocking secrets which he has enshrined in the pamphlet now given to the world, he proceeded with his theme of adulatory defamation. His mind was poisoned against Carlyle by the conception he had formed of his treatment of his wife, and do what he might, amidst all the nectar and ambrosia, the subtle and deadly venom would, from time to time, trickle out. In Froude's somewhat rank imagination conceptions grew apace. Once formed they were expanded from within and never subjected to the pressure of facts from without. And so his malign conception of Carlyle gathered strength as he went on, and is seen in full force in his posthumous paper. Let it be granted that he wished to limn truly the portrait in his mind's eye, yet that portrait was blotched and discoloured, and in putting it on his canvas he emphasised the blemishes and deepened the shadows. He aimed at producing a popular book—what biographer does not? and he was not ignorant that startling effects and controversial matter are attractive in literature. His "Nemesis of Faith," which he himself described as "heterodoxy flavoured with sentimentalism," did not attract much attention until Sewell publicly burnt a copy of it in the Hall of Exeter College. The sale then went up with a bound, and there was a call for a second edition within a year. And so the "Reminiscences," although universally condemned, was a decided pecuniary success. The "Reminiscences" was bad enough, but the first two volumes of the Life were worse. This is a book that to all who knew the truth,

caused pain by the artful detraction that lurks behind its professions of friendship, admiration, and even reverence. It is a cynical betrayal of a trust and serves to warrant the most sinister inferences concerning Carlyle's character that were drawn from the "Reminiscences." No unbiased person can read it carefully without a conviction that the original text—the Letters—does not support Froude's commentary, and that the Letters themselves have been glossed, distorted from their plain significance, and misinterpreted with perverse ingenuity. The process is discoverable by all who look beneath the surface, and in it Froude has revealed his own nature. The wrong done to Carlyle was a grievous one, but it is being redressed; his real character will yet shine out through all Froude's obscurations.

"My Relations with Carlyle" is a kind of literary garbage, and, like garbage, creates disgust, but like garbage also it may not be without its use in nature, if it promote the growth of a just estimate of the spirit and methods of its author.

Intellectually fulfilling one's ideal of greatness, a man made in the noblest human mould, in originality, in range of historical knowledge, in breadth of literary culture, in command of language, in lustre of imagination, in grasp of judgment, unsurpassed in his century, Carlyle will yet be recognised, through the mists and miasms that Froude has drawn around him, and through the gloom of his own moodiness and melancholy, as morally as well as intellectually great. He was,

verily, one of the kindliest, most generous, true-hearted, humane, and upright of men, in whom, under a rugged exterior, were great depths of tenderness and comprehensive sympathy, who with intense earnestness combined quaint pleasantry and genial humour. When his shallow and ribald critics are forgotten, his memory will be cherished by the world.

APPENDIXES

APPENDIX

I.

THE CARLYLE PAPERS

In a pamphlet which was printed for private circulation in 1886, and which has been given to the public as an Appendix to "My Relations with Carlyle," Sir James Stephen's view of Froude's dealings with Carlyle's papers is very fully set forth. Sir James was co-executor with Froude under the codicil to Carlyle's will, was aware of everything that took place during the negotiations after Carlyle's death, and was a man of high intellectual endowments and of judicial training, so that great weight naturally attaches to his opinion on the case. That opinion amounts to a vindication of Froude's conduct, to which is added a warm eulogium on the integrity and purity of his motives. At first sight it seems to justify all that Froude did and to re-establish his reputation, at least in as far as the use of the Carlyle papers was concerned; but a closer examination will, we believe, convince the open-minded that as it was founded on evidence, much of which has been proved to be erroneous, and is not altogether free from partizan bias, it does not possess the authoritative character that Froude ascribes to it, and cannot be regarded as a final award. It was, of course, not a judicial opinion, but that of Froude's advocate in the case.

Sir James Stephen had somehow formed an exalted estimate of Froude's ability and character and would not listen to anything reflecting on either. He stood aloof from what Froude has himself described as the storm of censure and indignation with which the "Reminiscences" was received, and legitimately prided himself on having defeated the attempt made to prevent him from writing Carlyle's Life. He entertained towards him feelings of

deep personal attachment, so that in reply to a conciliatory letter from Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, asking advice in the interests of peace, he wrote, declining to help her as she had consulted a solicitor and said, "If you have occasion to communicate further with me on the subject, please observe that Mr. Froude is my intimate and valued friend."

Sir James Stephen accepted the version of his intimate and valued friend's relations with Carlyle without question or demur, and the version presented to him must have been very different from that which is now given to us, for he is able to say that he had never heard Froude utter "one ill-natured word" about Carlyle or express anything but unqualified admiration of him morally and intellectually. It was perhaps professions of unmixed admiration and unvarying benignity that led Sir James Stephen to accept *simpliciter* Froude's assurance that Carlyle had deputed him to make atonement for him, by taking out probate, in solemn form, of all his little faults. It is clear, however, that Sir James Stephen did not know the measure of those faults according to Froude's valuation of them. They were nothing and amounted to nothing, Sir James thought, in the great balance of Carlyle's qualities. He believed that, as there was no life that would bear a more severe scrutiny, there could be no harm in exhibiting such small flaws as freckled it and proved it human. Had Sir James Stephen been aware that the time would come when Froude would hold Carlyle up to public obloquy as being all flaws, with no sound part in him, as selfish, cruel, arrogant, neglectful, hypocritical, as a man who ought never to have married, a Lothario and a wife-beater, the testimonial he gave him would probably have been couched in language somewhat different from that in which it now appears. Had he realised that he had been himself deceived by Froude, that Carlyle's alleged ill-treatment of his wife was a fiction, and his desire for expiation the figment of a distorted imagination, and that some of the statements made to him about the papers were inconsistent with fact, we may question whether there would have been any testimonial at all. Sir James Stephen was a just man and loved decorum, and that he would have disapproved of Froude's later revelations, if true, and condemned them utterly being false, there can be no doubt. Had he known what we now do, he could not possibly have said, as he did in his letter to Froude, that he believed his revelations about Carlyle up to that

date to be "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth;" he would not probably have taken upon himself the trouble to prepare, although there were solicitors engaged on behalf of the executors, the case which was submitted to counsel for them, or to write long and very able letters to Dr. Benson in defence of Froude, which seem to us, however, to be in parts somewhat casuistical.

Sir James Stephen's strong advocacy of Froude's case in the Carlyle controversy was undoubtedly due to his unlimited and unique faith in him. Whatever Froude said must be true. He could not entertain the claim to her uncle's papers of Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, a woman of unimpeachable veracity—her uncle so styled her in his will—because it depended on an oral communication, but he saw no difficulty in adopting the statements of Froude—a man whose inaccuracy was even then a bye-word—although these were founded entirely on oral communications. Froude's commission to write Carlyle's life rested on an oral communication; he had no writing to show for it. The alleged gift of the papers to him was by oral communication. The alleged permission to publish the "Memoir of Jane Welsh Carlyle," notwithstanding the prohibition on publication attached to it, was by oral communication. The alleged permission to burn the papers was by oral communication. The supposed out-pourings of remorse and instructions for the post-humous penitential parade were by oral communications. Froude must have felt that he was making rather too heavy demands on trust in his own memory, for he says in "My Relations with Carlyle," "I see now—I saw it before, but I was unwilling to worry him—that I ought to have insisted on receiving from him in writing his own distinct directions."

Most of the points raised in Sir James Stephen's letter with regard to the Carlyle papers have been answered in our reply to Froude's "Apologia" in which they are also raised. The most material point was the ownership of these papers, and as to this, evidence has been adduced which we believe proves that they became Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's property in 1875 by gift from her uncle. It is desirable, however, to make some observations on the memorandum which Sir James Stephen quotes at length and which he thinks disposes of that claim—a claim which, evidently in ignorance of Froude's letters to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle of

8th and 10th February, 1880, and to the *Times* of 25th February, 1881, Sir James Stephen says neither Froude nor he had any notice of until they were informed of it by Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's solicitors in June, 1881, and which he somewhat discourteously, not to say questionably, insinuated was not present to her mind at the time the memorandum was written, but only occurred to her or was invented after she had talked over the matter with her friends.

The following is the memorandum in full, as copied by Sir J. Stephen, and sent to Mrs. A. Carlyle, with the covering letter:—

"32, De Vere Gardens, S.W.,
"*21st February*, 1881.

"My Dear Mrs. Carlyle,

"This is the copy of the memorandum I made this afternoon; I have shown it to Froude, and he will write to you on the subject himself. He is perfectly satisfied.

"Yours sincerely,
"J. F. Stephen."

Memorandum of Mrs. A. Carlyle's understanding of the facts relating to Mr. Carlyle's papers.

1. Papers relating to the late Mrs. Carlyle bequeathed to Mr. Froude by the will of Mr. Carlyle. These papers Mrs. A. Carlyle considers to be Mr. Froude's absolutely.

2. The papers relating to Mr. Carlyle's father, Mr. Irving, and Lord Jeffrey, intended to be published under the title of "Reminiscences," Mrs. A. Carlyle also understands to have been given to Mr. Froude after the death of Mr. Forster, though she does not know what may have passed between Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Froude on the subject. She, however, says that Mr. Froude some time ago promised to give her the whole of the proceeds of the "Reminiscences" when published, and that she informed her uncle of this intention, and that he approved of it, and under these circumstances she declines to receive any share of the proceeds less than the whole.

3. The papers relating to Mr. Carlyle and intended to serve as materials for his biography. These papers Mrs. A. Carlyle understands to have been given to Mr. Froude so

that the property in them passed to him. She also understands that Mr. Carlyle intended that any profit to be derived from the book, for which they were to be materials, was to go to Mr. Froude, and she has no wish to interfere in any way with Mr. Froude's discretion as to the use to be made of these papers. On the other hand, Mrs. A. Carlyle considers that Mr. Froude ought not to burn or otherwise destroy any of these papers, but to return them to her (Mrs. A. Carlyle) after the biography for which they are to be used as materials is published.

J. F. STEPHEN.

February 21, 1881.

We have here given the memorandum exactly as copied by Sir James Stephen and sent by him to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, and it is well worth noting that the memorandum as printed in "My Relations with Carlyle" differs from that copy in three particulars. In the first line of the first paragraph *Mr.* has been substituted for *Mrs.* Carlyle. In the fifth line of the third paragraph "*her uncle*" has been substituted for *Mr. Carlyle*, and in the sixth line of the same paragraph *are* has been substituted for *were*. The substitution of *Mr.* for *Mrs.* Carlyle and of *are* for *were* alter the meaning of the memorandum in a manner adverse to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's claim and are therefore not without significance.

But further, the note appended to the memorandum in "My Relations with Carlyle" is very different from the note actually sent with it to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, and which in Sir James Stephen's handwriting is now before us.

Note in "My Relations with Carlyle."

This was written in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle and Mr. Ouvry and was accepted by Mrs. Carlyle as a full statement of her views. I sent her a copy of it this day, February 22, 1881. —J. F. S.

Note actually received by Mrs. Alexander Carlyle.

I made this memorandum this day in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. A. Carlyle and Mr. Ouvry, and Mrs. A. Carlyle said that it correctly expressed her views. I have also read it to Mr. Froude.—J. F. STEPHEN.

In view of subsequent events it is interesting to note that, according to Sir James Stephen, Froude was "perfectly satisfied" with the memorandum as sent to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle.

Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, however, was never perfectly satisfied with it. It "correctly expressed her views" in so far as the effect of it was, as she supposed, to give Froude "absolutely" only the manuscript "Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," to which his right was never in dispute, and to give him also the possession and use of the materials for the "Reminiscences" and Biography, until these works were published, on the understanding that all the manuscripts and papers with which he had been entrusted, except the manuscript "Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," should then be returned to her intact and none destroyed meantime; and, lastly, to give Mrs. Alexander Carlyle the whole proceeds of the "Reminiscences" and Froude the whole proceeds of the Biography.

To Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, the phrase "given to Mr. Froude," twice used by Sir James Stephen, conveyed the same meaning that "delivered to Mr. Froude," or "placed in Mr. Froude's hands" would have done, and so was equally consistent with a gift or loan; but in the third paragraph of the memorandum, which deals with the materials for the Biography, Sir James Stephen distinguished these from the materials for the "Reminiscences" by adding, "so that the property in them passed to him" [Froude]. Mrs. Alexander Carlyle did not fully understand this piece of legal phraseology, which was not explained to her; but supposed it to mean that in the case of the materials for the Biography, unlike those for the "Reminiscences," Froude was to have the profits of their publication. As this was in accordance with the tenor of the memorandum, she did not at the time, nor afterwards, until the phrase in question was most unfairly used against her as evidence that her claim to the papers was an afterthought, attribute any importance to it, believing that the papers were to be restored to her as soon as the Biography was finished. Why should she split hairs about a phrase, which so distinguished a man as Sir James Stephen, of whom she had no suspicion, employed as the right one? When Sir James Stephen wrote, as he did at first, "given by Mr. Carlyle," Mrs. Alexander Carlyle said "No, not by Mr. Carlyle, but by me; they were given by me." Thereupon Sir James Stephen, at her instance, struck out the words "by

Mr. Carlyle," but added the words "so that the property passed to him." To this Mrs. Alexander Carlyle said nothing, because she agreed that Froude was to have the profits of the Biography, and only stipulated that the materials were to be returned to her when the work was accomplished.

Possession, for the time being, of the papers, with the right to use them and also to take the profits of publication, which, in the case of the Biography, Mrs. Alexander Carlyle always conceded to Froude, would naturally seem to her very much the same thing as the right of property for the time being, and it was but to be temporary whilst the Biography was in progress. Indeed, as every jurist knows, property, according to the old Roman definition of it, is *jus utendi*, *fruendi*, *abutendi*, and given, as in this case, the right of use and the right to take the fruits, only the right to destroy or part with remains, and this was expressly denied to Froude.

The phrase, therefore, after all, although Mrs. Alexander Carlyle was dissatisfied with it and complained of it when she discovered the use to which it was put, is not, at all events to the lay mind, very inappropriate to the transaction, which the memorandum sought to define and interpret, and, in view of the abundant evidence now forthcoming that Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's claim to the papers was not an afterthought, but a claim acknowledged and enforced by Carlyle himself in his lifetime, and then and afterwards admitted by Froude in public and private, orally and in writing, it may seem superfluous to dwell further on the circumstances under which the memorandum was written. Nevertheless, as the memorandum was Sir James Stephen's sheet-anchor in his subsequent dealings with Mrs. Alexander Carlyle and her solicitors, and a principal foundation of his estimate of Froude's rectitude and generosity, and, as prominence is given to it in "My Relations with Carlyle," it may be well to point out that Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's responsibility for its terms is limited by the following considerations :—

1. Carlyle died on the 5th February, 1881, Mrs. Alexander Carlyle having been his constant companion from 1868, and having nursed him during his infirmity and in his last illness. He was buried at Ecclefechan on 10th February.

2. The memorandum, dated 21st February, 1881, was written at a formal meeting for the reading of the will, and was therefore

prepared at a time when Mrs. Alexander Carlyle was overcome by grief and fatigue, and was not in a condition to transact important business.

3. It is in the handwriting of Sir James Stephen, and the phraseology is his, and it was written by Sir James Stephen at a time when, as he says himself, he "was very superficially acquainted with these matters," and was his summary in his own language of what he calls "a diffuse statement" by Mrs. Alexander Carlyle "as to the details."

4. It is not signed by Mrs. Alexander Carlyle.

5. Although it deals with matters of the utmost importance, involving, besides even more serious issues, pecuniary interests to the amount of thousands of pounds, about which differences had already arisen, the memorandum was written on the spur of the moment, no draft of it was submitted to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, and no opportunity was given to her of taking independent advice or even of reflection, before her verbal assent was asked to its terms.

6. At this time Mrs. Alexander Carlyle reposed entire confidence in Sir James Stephen, and nothing had happened to suggest to her his partiality for Froude which afterwards became manifest. It was not until after the 9th May, 1881, when he counselled Froude to repudiate his public offer of that date to restore the materials for the Biography without writing it, and the 14th May, when he wrote to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle requesting her to remember that Froude was his "intimate and valued friend," that she realised that he was prejudiced against her.

It need scarcely be said that a memorandum drafted under these circumstances, and merely read over to a lady, who was no lawyer and was not asked to sign it, ought not to be pressed against her, on technical grounds of construction, beyond her own statement of what she understood by it when she accepted it, in conversation, as correctly expressing her views.

The following STATEMENT was made in May, 1881, in support of Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's claim to the ownership of her uncle's papers.

Mrs. Alexander Carlyle.

I am the niece of the late Mr. Thomas Carlyle, with whom I resided at Cheyne Row from 1868 until his death, except for six months in the year 1873. When I went to reside with my uncle I had just left school, and as I grew older I became his constant companion and amanuensis. From 1875, when a change of housekeeper took place, I had the superintendence of my uncle's house and the custody of most of its contents, but not the superintendence of his private affairs. As to his private affairs, my uncle was assisted by his brother, Dr. John Carlyle, who used to balance his private accounts, and by Mr. Forster, who used to settle his publisher's accounts. After Mr. Forster's death in 1876 Mr. Ouvry settled the publisher's accounts for 1878, and I did so afterwards. My uncle always drew his own cheques.

As to the contents of the house, I divide them into four classes, which, for the reasons presently mentioned, I treated differently.

First, there were my uncle's private business papers, such as his accounts with printers and publishers; accounts connected with his Scotch estate of Craigenputtock; his cheque books; his banker's pass book; the lease of the house; Dr. John Carlyle's will, made about 1853; old cheque books; old bargains with publishers; and receipted accounts. There were also my uncle's own will, his purse, and photographs of his wife and mother. I never had the custody or charge of any of these documents and personal effects. They were kept by my uncle, some in a large secretaire with pigeon-holes which stood in the dining-room, and some in a writing-desk and chest of drawers combined which stood in his bedroom. When my uncle gave me the keys of the house he retained the keys of these repositories. With this class should also come my uncle's wardrobe.

Secondly, there were the usual contents of a housekeeper's storeroom, of which I had the management and superintendence, and in respect of which the housekeeper was responsible to me. Of these of course I was steward only.

Thirdly, there was the furniture, plate, linen, china, books, prints, pictures, and other gifts, given by my uncle's will, made in 1873, to my uncle Dr. John Carlyle, and by

the codicil to Dr. Carlyle for life, with remainder to me absolutely. These, under the circumstances presently detailed, I came to regard as to be mine on the death of my uncle Thomas Carlyle, whether Dr. Carlyle should be then living or not.

Fourthly, there were my uncle's letters, manuscripts, and papers, and his wife's jewelry. These, under the circumstances presently detailed, became mine in 1875 by my uncle's gift, although I was always anxious to observe any wish he had respecting them, and was naturally backward to speak of them as mine during his life, never anticipating (except on the occasion which gave rise to the correspondence of February, 1880) that there would be any difficulty after my uncle's death respecting my ownership of them from 1875.

The origin of the gift was as follows :—

In June, 1875, my uncle Thomas Carlyle bought seven £1000 1873 5% Russian Bonds from our next door neighbour, Mr. Laisné, a stockbroker. On the 30th of June, 1875, these bonds were delivered to him, and as I sat writing in the dining-room at Cheyne Row after breakfast my uncle altogether unexpectedly brought me one of these bonds and gave it to me as a present. He said that he had in addition to this provision for me left me by his Will £500. He also told me that he had left to his brother John (my uncle Dr. John Carlyle, who was then staying with us at Cheyne Row) all the things in the house as they stood, but that he now gave these same things to me instead, which arrangement he had explained to his brother John who would also speak of it to me. He also said specifically that he gave me also his papers and his wife's jewelry. He said, "I give you the papers and all the jewels of your aunt." He at the same time gave into my possession the keys of these papers and of his wife's jewels, which keys I had never up till that time used except on occasions when they were lent to me by him for some specific purpose. My uncle John A. Carlyle the same day spoke of this gift of a thousand pounds. He spoke of it as being in his opinion a small provision, but he added, "Your uncle has also given you all the things in the house which he has bequeathed to me by his Will. I quite approve of his doing so and I renounce all claim upon them." He again in the evening spoke of the gift of these things

in the house in the hearing of my uncle Thomas Carlyle. I received no other keys from my uncle at this time. About three months later, on the occasion of my return with my uncle Thomas Carlyle to Cheyne Row after a visit into Kent, our old housekeeper Mrs. Warren having left us, I received from my uncle I think all the keys of the house with the exception of the keys of the secretaire and writing desk mentioned above as containing his private business papers and other personal property.

The papers of which my uncle gave me possession for myself on the 30th of June, 1875, were then some of them in two cupboards in the room which had formerly been his study and some of them in a pedestal chest of drawers in the drawing-room. The jewelry, which he considered very valuable (in it were the brooch bracelet and chain which had been sent to my aunt by Goethe), was contained in two jewel boxes which were locked in an old chest of drawers on the landing outside his bedroom door.

From this date (June 1875) my uncle never dealt with any of these things without consulting me and I regarded them as mine and dealt with them openly as such in the following instances:—

1. I wore the jewelry with my uncle's knowledge and approval.

2. I gave away as mementoes of my aunt a gold compass and a vinaigrette, without asking my uncle's permission.

3. In November, 1876, I sent to Mr. Allingham, then editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, a translation from Goethe which was amongst the papers given to me which Mr. Allingham wished to publish, but, ultimately, I decided not to have it published because I was unable to write any introduction to it which appeared to me satisfactory. I consulted my uncle about the introduction but not about whether the MS. should be published or not. This my uncle treated as entirely my affair.

4. About this time my uncle told me that Mr. Allingham had spoken to him concerning certain unpublished articles by my uncle which I had lent him to read. My uncle had expressed to Mr. Allingham his willingness that one of these —an account of a tour in the Netherlands—should be printed in *Fraser's Magazine;* but my uncle said he had told Mr. Allingham that the articles which I had lent him to

read were mine and he must consult with me. Mr. Allingham accordingly asked my consent to publish some of these articles (amongst them the account of a tour in the Netherlands) along with the materials for my uncle's biography which are now in Mr. Froude's hands.

5. When my uncle complied with a request for his autograph before 1875, when he gave his MSS. to me, he often used a piece of an old MS. for the donee. After 1875 he never did so, but wrote his name instead. I, on the other hand, when asked for an autograph sometimes used his old MSS. without consulting my uncle, as I did (1) in the autumn of 1876 for Mrs. Annabella Anstruther of Old Ballikinrain, to whom I gave a paper written by my uncle on a new mode of roughing horses which was amongst the papers my uncle had given me. (2) In 1877 or 1878 for Mrs. Hartpole Lecky a MS. which, if I remember rightly, formed part of my uncle's MS. of "Frederick II." Mrs. Lecky asked me on this occasion, "Ought I not to apply to Mr. Carlyle for it?" and I replied, "No, his MSS. are all mine." (3) In 1878 and 1879, without consulting my uncle, I cut from the MSS. he had given me the names in his handwriting of several personages (*e.g.*, Frederick Wilhelm, Marie Thérèse, Maupertuis), of whom we had portraits, and affixed them to the portraits where my uncle frequently saw them without objection.

6. I had two letters of Thackeray and also a poem of Goethe framed separately and hung up in my own room, and I put a paper of my uncle into my scrap-book. These I took out of the cupboard referred to. My uncle often saw them and treated the appropriation as proper.

7. In 1877, after some communications between my uncle and Mr. Froude as to a biography of my uncle, my uncle asked me to send Mr. Froude such of the papers as I thought would be useful for that purpose, but told me distinctly that he had taken care I should have them all back again. I was then, as always, anxious to carry out every wish of my uncle, and I accordingly sent almost all the papers I had, but I might have retained all if I had desired. I left the selection to Mr. Froude of my own free will and without my uncle's knowledge.

8. On the 17th April, 1880, I opened one of the drawers in the pedestal chest in the drawing-room to look for a paper. The drawer contained unpublished articles of my uncle on various subjects (articles, there to this day, on Modern Science, Fenianism, Trades Unions, Skirving, etc., etc.). It was dark, and I took out the drawer and carried it to the lamp beside which my uncle and my husband were reading. On turning over these papers I came upon a letter from Disraeli to my uncle and a copy of his answer to it. I said, "There is Dizzy's letter offering to make you a Grand Knight of the Bath. Shall we show it to Alick?" (my husband, who was sitting by). He answered, glancing into the drawer, "They are all your own, you may do what you like with them." From this drawer I took out an article on Wilson (Christopher North), sent it to Mr. Froude, and it is now in Mr. Froude's hands amongst the papers claimed by me.

The following is an instance of a gift made to me by my uncle similar to the gift of the papers where I acted without question as absolute owner *in presenti*. In February, 1876, my uncle, Thomas Carlyle, gave me the watch, chain, and seals which had belonged to Charles Dickens, and which were bequeathed to my uncle by the late John Forster. I gave away the watch, the chain, and the seals in my uncle's lifetime without asking his permission.

I never in my uncle's lifetime had any misunderstanding with Mr. Froude, who was at all times kind and courteous to me. I was satisfied by my uncle's frequent assurance that Mr. Froude understood the papers to be mine. I very seldom spoke of them as mine simply out of delicacy, not wishing to seem greedy about property which I knew my uncle had given to me as an immediate and present gift, not postponed until his death but yet in prospect of that event. My uncle during many years spoke of his death as near at hand. I considered the papers referred to as very precious, but I never thought of them as valuable in point of money until, as presently mentioned, Mr. Froude arranged with me to hold the proceeds of the "Reminiscences" for me. The only occasions upon which Mr. Froude used words which led me to think that he did not clearly understand all the papers were

mine were those referred to in the correspondence of February, 1880.

On February 16, 1879, Mr. Froude brought Mr. Bret Harte, who was staying with him, to visit my uncle in Cheyne Row. Before lunch, while Mr. Bret Harte was talking with my uncle, Mr. Froude said to me (referring to my present husband's father), "Your uncle Alick wrote the best letters in the family. They are very interesting and I am going to give them to you." I replied, "Oh! you are going to send me all of them; they are all mine." After Mr. Froude and Mr. Bret Harte had left, it occurred to me to make sure there should be no mistake about the return of the papers to me. I therefore said to my uncle I was sorry I had sent so many of the papers to Mr. Froude and wondered if Mr. Froude understood they were to be all returned to me. My uncle replied, "Froude perfectly understands that, for I have often said so to him." I expressed a wish that my uncle would speak to Mr. Froude again on the subject so as to prevent any misapprehension, which he promised to do. Mr. Froude used to come to our house twice a week, Tuesdays and Fridays, to walk and latterly to drive out with my uncle. On the Tuesday following the Sunday upon which the above mentioned conversation took place my uncle drove out with Mr. Froude in a hansom cab. After the drive and after Mr. Froude had left, my uncle said to me, "Froude perfectly understands the papers are yours and will return them all to you. He has promised to do so."

In February, 1880, Mr. Froude again spoke of returning Mr. Alexander Carlyle's letters. This to me revived my fear lest he might not return the others. I therefore again raised the subject with my uncle in February, 1880. He said to me, "Froude understands beyond any kind of doubt that they are yours—it is no use bothering him again." But I persisted, and he promised me to speak to Mr. Froude about it again for the purpose of insuring that the papers should be returned to me as soon as Mr. Froude had done with them.

Mr. Froude's letter to me of 10th February, 1880, which I showed to my uncle, satisfied both my uncle and myself that no further question would be raised on the subject. "That I was to have," as Mr. Froude there said, "the entire collection when he had done with it," appeared to me all I wanted.

The occasion upon which the monetary value of the papers

was first discussed was shortly after Mr. Froude's letter to my uncle of 23rd September, 1879.

On the 20th of November, 1879, my husband and I dined with Mr. Froude at his residence, Mr. Froude's son, Mr. Ashley Froude, and his daughter, Miss Margaret Froude, being present. On this occasion Mr. Froude distinctly stated that he would hold the whole proceeds of the "Reminiscences" for me. This promise was frequently repeated by Mr. Froude, who, on one occasion, a month before my uncle's death, in the presence of my husband, added, "The book was written by your uncle, not by me, and therefore there would be no propriety in my receiving the money for it. But of course it will be different with the Biography, which I shall write myself." My husband and I both assented to this, and looked upon it as settled. My uncle was informed of this arrangement on the 20th of November, 1879, by myself and my husband, and subsequently by Mr. Froude, and expressed his approval of it as natural and proper, so that we regarded it as a settled thing.

After this arrangement had been made, and possibly to some extent influenced by it, I sent Mr. Froude, for use and return to me, further papers which my uncle had given me, especially the letters of my uncle, Thomas Carlyle, to his brother, Dr. John Carlyle, a very large collection of which, extending over sixty years, were returned to my uncle, Thomas Carlyle, by Dr. Carlyle's executor a few months after the death of Dr. Carlyle in September, 1879. These my uncle, Thomas Carlyle, gave me for my own as soon as he received them, and I, at his wish, lent them to Mr. Froude, relying on his promise to restore all the papers to me when used for the purpose of the Biography.

On the 21st of February, 1881, the will and codicil of my uncle were read by Mr. Ouvry in the presence of Sir J. F. Stephen and myself and my husband, but Mr. Froude was not present. Immediately after the will was read Sir J. Stephen said, "There is too the question of the papers." I answered, "Yes; Froude has no right to say what he said in the *Times*, he has no right to burn them; the papers are mine." Sir James Stephen said, "Do you mean to say that you want a share in the profits?" I said, "No; but Froude is to return all the papers to me; he has promised to do so," and thereupon I showed Sir James Stephen Mr. Froude's letter of 10th February, 1880. Mr. Ouvry then

said, "There is too the question of the 'Reminiscences'; I think Mrs. Carlyle was to have the profits of that book." I said, "Yes; Mr. Froude has promised them to me." Sir James Stephen then said that what I had said was entirely satisfactory, and proposed that it should be reduced by him to writing.

I was at the time extremely tired; I had not thought the matter over nor taken either professional advice or that of my husband, and was in consequence not at all in a fit state to transact business; but alarmed by what I had heard shortly before, that the whole matter might have to be thrown into Chancery, I consented to Sir James Stephen's suggestion. Sir James Stephen then drew up a memorandum, which differed from that which afterwards passed in this, that it was said that the papers were given "by Mr. Carlyle" instead of simply given, and that all the words after "the use to be made of these papers" were wanting. I objected to this, saying the papers were sent by me, not by my uncle, and I strongly protested that Mr. Froude had no right to burn any of the papers. Thereupon Sir James Stephen asked whether I thought that practically he would burn any of them, and pressed me as to whether I had not sent the MSS. *by order* of my uncle, but I persisted this was not so. Sir James Stephen then tore up the first memorandum and wrote another, leaving out after given the words "by Mr. Carlyle" and adding the words at the end, "On the other hand Mrs. A. Carlyle," etc., as the paragraph now stands.

I agreed to the memorandum in this form, understanding by it that I was to have the entire collection of the MSS. with the profits of the "Reminiscences," Mr. Froude having the profits of the Biography.

It was only in this sense that the memorandum expressed what I understood.

The parol evidence which was collected in support of the gift to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle of her uncle's papers is next given.

Alexander Carlyle.

I am a nephew of the late Mr. Thomas Carlyle, a son of his brother Alexander. I married my cousin, then Miss Mary Carlyle Aitken, on the 21st of August, 1879. After our marriage we continued to live at Cheyne Row and to have the care of

Mr. Carlyle, as my wife had before our marriage. We still live at Cheyne Row. I came to England from Canada in July, 1879, and therefore know nothing of the manuscripts of my late uncle before that date. After coming to England I heard from my wife that my uncle had given her his MSS. I was present at and remember the following occasion upon which my uncle spoke of the MSS. as the property of my wife :—

On the 17th of April, 1880, I was reading with my uncle in the drawing-room at Cheyne Row, and my wife was searching through one of the drawers of a pedestal chest of drawers in the drawing-room full of his MSS. My wife brought the drawer to the lamp, beside which my uncle and I were reading, and taking out a letter from Disraeli to my uncle and a copy of his reply to it, my wife said to my uncle, "There is Dizzy's letter offering to make you a G.C.B. Shall we show it to Alick?"—meaning me. My uncle glanced into the drawer and replied to my wife: "They are all your own; you may do what you like with them." I confirm the account given by my wife (in her proof which I have read) of the interview with Sir James Stephen and Mr. Ouvry on the 21st of February, 1881, after the will was read.

Mrs. Jane Carlyle Aitken.

I was the sister of the late Thomas Carlyle and John Aitken Carlyle, and am the mother of Mrs. A. Carlyle, who resided with my brother Thomas. My brother Dr. John Carlyle has frequently said to me that the things in the house at Cheyne Row were left to him by the will of my brother Thomas, but were my daughter Mary's. The last occasion upon which he did so was in the spring of 1878 at our house, The Hill, Dumfries, after his return home from Cheyne Row. We were speaking of our brother Thomas's failing health. My brother John said to me, "Mary has a heavy task and does it well; her uncle has left her £500." I remarked that "it was a limited provision in the circumstances if one had been studying that." My brother replied, "Yes, but Tom and I have arranged that all the things in the house which have been left to me are Mary's."

Miss Ann Aitken.

I am the sister of Mrs. A. Carlyle. I resided for many years in the same house with my uncle, Dr. John A. Carlyle. On one

occasion, about May, 1878, my uncle John said to me, referring to my uncle Thomas, "Your uncle has left all the things in his house to me, but they are Mary's." By "Mary" he intended my sister, now Mrs. A. Carlyle. I am quite sure he used the words "are Mary's." He did not particularise the things in the house. On the same occasion my uncle John told me it had been agreed between him and my uncle Thomas that what my uncle Thomas had by his will left to my uncle John should be my sister Mary's.

MR. W. ALLINGHAM. Late Editor of *Fraser's Magazine.*
(*Extract from a letter written by Witness.*)

Towards the end of 1876 I had some talk with Mr. Carlyle about publishing papers of his in *Fraser's Magazine*, of which I was then the Editor. He referred the matter to Miss Mary Aitken, who sent me several MSS. to examine, part of which I was very desirous to have for publication. But on going to Cheyne Row some days afterwards I found that Miss Aitken had changed her mind and would not allow the articles to be published by Longman. I argued a little against this, but she persisted in her opinion, and Carlyle left the matter in her hands, so I returned all the MSS. to her and said no more about it.

PAUL FREDERICK FRIEDMANN, ESQ., *of The Boltons.*

I was a friend of the late Mr. Thomas Carlyle, with whom I frequently went out driving. On one of the last occasions that I went out with Mr. Carlyle we spoke of Victor Hugo. I mentioned Goethe's expression about Hugo's plays—"bloody marionettes." Carlyle laughed and told me that Goethe had written to him, saying of Hugo's works, "*Von dieser Litteratur bitte ich sich fern zu halten*" ("of this literature I pray to keep aloof"), or very nearly such words. I asked him if he had many letters of Goethe; he said, "Yes, a good many." I said they must be very interesting and asked what he had done with them, if he had given them to Lewes for Goethe's Life. He said, "Oh, no, Mary has them all," and either added, "I have given them all to her" or "They are all hers," or words to that effect, from which I clearly understood that they were actually her property. I said I hoped Miss Aitken would publish them some day. He said, "Oh, yes, when I am

gone," or nearly such words. We afterwards spoke of Lewes, George Eliot, Thackeray.

I inferred from Carlyle's words that what I had heard of his having given all his papers to Miss Aitken was true and forbore asking him (as I had otherwise intended) for a book Goethe had given him. I had been reminded of this book when he told me of the letters and had therefore intentionally brought the conversation to the point where he told me that the letters were Miss Aitken's. We did not speak of his books nor as far as I remember of his manuscripts in general. I remember no other conversation with Carlyle about his manuscripts. I have never seen the letters of Goethe and do not know whether the passage really occurs in them. I cannot swear to any exact words, but I have a distinct recollection of the conversation and that I clearly understood Thomas Carlyle to say that the letters of Goethe belonged to Miss Aitken. I am quite certain that he did not say that they would be hers.

MRS. E. A. VENTURI, *Sister-in-law of Mr. Stansfeld, M.P.*

I was a friend of the late Mr. Thomas Carlyle. I remember talking with him shortly after Mazzini's death in 1872 upon the question of one's responsibility with regard to private letters of friends and telling him that it was Mazzini's habit to burn all intimate letters as soon as possible after receipt of them. He appeared to approve of this, in Mazzini's case, but to my surprise not as a general rule. I distinctly remember that he told me that he had not adopted this practice and added that it could lead to no mischief as all his letters and papers would "ultimately" come to Miss Aitken. On a later occasion, probably before 1877, Miss Aitken, sitting beside her uncle Thomas Carlyle with her hand on his knee, told me, in his presence and hearing, that he (Miss Aitken called him "Bester") had given her all his letters and papers. He appeared to me to entirely accept what Miss Aitken said, but I do not remember that he made any remark.

MRS. ANNABELLA A. ANSTRUTHER, *of Cassillis House, Ayr.*

I was a friend of the late Mr. Thomas Carlyle. In the summer or autumn of 1876 Miss Aitken made me a present from herself of the following papers:—

1. A MS. of Carlyle on a method of roughing horses.
2. Another MS. of Carlyle beginning "But how is the artist to guard himself from the corruptions of his time?"
3. Another small piece in blue pencil.
4. A separate autograph and several photographs of Carlyle, his wife and his mother.

Afterwards, whilst Carlyle was staying on a visit with us at Old Ballikinrain, I mentioned the gift to him. He appeared to me to approve of the gift as a gift from his niece, not from himself. One of his expressions was, "Mary has plenty more of that rubbish," meaning his handwriting. The impression I received from the conversation was that Miss Aitken had entire control of her uncle's papers.

These statements, accompanied by a narrative of Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's case and the whole of the correspondence to date, including the communications with Sir James Stephen which were entered upon for the express purpose of interchanging without reserve all that could be said on either side for or against the respective claims of Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, Froude and Carlyle's executors and also the Case presently mentioned which was drafted by Sir James Stephen on behalf of Carlyle's executors, and the opinion of Mr. Vaughan Hawkins upon it, were submitted by Messrs. Benson in July, 1881, to Mr. Cozens-Hardy, who was asked to advise in response to the following questions:—

Questions submitted to Mr. Cozens-Hardy.

"What are the respective rights of Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, Mr. Froude, Carlyle's executors, and others in relation to—

"First, the ownership of the MSS., letters, family papers and materials generally;

"Secondly, the right of publication, and the use of the material for that purpose;

"Thirdly, the copyright and profits, and generally what course Mrs. Alexander Carlyle is entitled to take to secure what she considers due to her uncle's memory and the benefits he intended for her?"

MR. COZENS-HARDY'S OPINION :—

8th July, 1881.

1. *Primâ facie* the right to the manuscript letters and family papers vests in the executors of the late Thomas Carlyle. I think, however, that there is good ground for contending that the ownership of these documents is not vested in the executors, but is vested in Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, to whom they were given by her uncle in June, 1875. It appears from the accompanying Statements that what took place amounted to an *immediate present gift*, as distinguished from an intention to give, and moreover that the fact of such a gift was repeatedly acknowledged by Mr. Carlyle in a manner which will supply that corroboration which is necessary to support Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's claim. This being so, I think that Mrs. Carlyle is entitled to claim the documents from Mr. Froude or from the executors. In saying this, I do not of course intend to say that Mr. Froude may not use for the purpose of the Biography the letters which were lent to him by Mrs. Carlyle for that express purpose.

2. I think that the right of publication passes with the ownership of the letters and other papers, except so far as the writers of any letters addressed to Mr. Carlyle or their legal personal representatives may interfere by injunction to restrain the publication.

3. I think that the copyright and the profits to be derived from the publication will also belong to Mrs. Carlyle, subject, however, to this qualification. Mrs. Carlyle permitted Mr. Froude to have the documents and to publish part of them in the volumes of "Reminiscences"; and I am not prepared to say that she can as of right prevent the republication of the "Reminiscences." It seems that in 1879, before the publication was resolved upon or finally authorised, Mr. Froude agreed that all the profits to be derived from that publication should belong to Mrs. Carlyle. See his letters of the 21st and 23rd February, 1881. But I understand that Mrs. Carlyle has agreed to allow Mr. Froude to retain £300 out of the profits arising from the sale of the "Reminiscences," and that Mr. Froude has assented to this and agrees to assign the copyright to her.

HERBERT H. COZENS-HARDY,
7, New Square, Lincoln's Inn.

Whilst the case upon which this opinion was given was being drafted, Mrs. Alexander Carlyle heard that Sir James Stephen in consultation with Froude was also drafting a case on the part of Carlyle's executors for the opinion of Mr. Vaughan Hawkins as to the claims of the executors on behalf of the residuary legatees. Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, therefore, desired Messrs. Benson to send to Sir James Stephen the first draft of the case which they were preparing on her behalf for the double purpose of helping Sir James Stephen to state the facts correctly and of obtaining from him, for Mr. Cozens-Hardy's consideration, all that either he or Froude could urge against her claims.

Early in June, 1881, Messrs. Benson sent Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's case, so far as it was then drafted, to Sir James Stephen without the Statements above set out, which, not being then complete, were reserved for later communication, and at his request authorised him to communicate the draft case to Mr. Ouvry and Froude, asking Sir James Stephen, however, to treat it as "still imperfect and therefore susceptible without comment of any corrections which further consideration or research might render necessary."

Meantime, without waiting for the assistance which, in stating the facts for Mr. Vaughan Hawkins' opinion, he might have obtained by communication with Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's solicitors, Sir James Stephen had, on the 13th of May, 1881, obtained Mr. Vaughan Hawkins' opinion in favour of the executors' claims to the papers, upon a statement which is not merely imperfect in many important particulars, but, in some, opposed to the facts as we now know them.

Upon the statement submitted to him, Mr. Vaughan Hawkins' advice could not have been other than it was, but his opinion was without value, because he was not furnished with the Statements given above which were submitted to Mr. Cozens-Hardy with the corroborative letters from which many quotations have already been made.

Nevertheless, Mr. Vaughan Hawkins' opinion, as well as the letters of Sir James Stephen, expressing his own views, were submitted to and considered by Mr. Cozens-Hardy before he wrote his opinion.

On the 28th of June, 1881, Messrs. Benson sent to Sir James Stephen a copy of the above-mentioned Statements, in support of the gift of the papers to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle in 1875, suggesting

that they would influence the opinion he had expressed adverse to this gift, and adding, "The case is not a party and party statement but comprises all the materials we have been able to gather, whichever way they tell."

On the 5th of July, 1881, Sir James Stephen replied that the new matter had "not weakened, but confirmed" the opinion expressed in his letter of the 10th of June, 1881, and, after giving his reasons for doubting the accuracy of Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's account of her uncle's gift to her and saying that he saw no reason to disbelieve Froude's statement as to the authority given to him to burn the letters and papers, he proceeded as follows:—

"No doubt the language of Mr. Froude's letters to the *Times* favours Mrs. Carlyle's claim, but what he wrote in 1881 cannot alter the legal effect of things said and done years before, and, it must be remembered, that he has always admitted that Mr. Carlyle desired him to return all the papers to Mrs. Carlyle when he had done with them. On the other hand, he has the papers and *primâ facie* they are his.

"The claim of the executors on behalf of the estate is free from the difficulty which always attends claims founded on recollections of conversations to which there is only one living witness and which took place (if at all) several years before the claim is decided, but our claim is open to this remark, its enforcement would do no good to anyone and would certainly defeat Mr. Carlyle's intentions both by depriving Mrs. Carlyle of the profits of the 'Reminiscences' and by hampering Mr. Froude (to an extent which depends on the determination of an entirely new and doubtful point of law) in making use of the papers for biographical purposes.

"The result is that in every view of the case a settlement appears advisable, and I earnestly recommend the parties concerned to adopt either the terms which I proposed in my last letter [*i.e.*, the letter of 10th June, 1881, above referred to] or some modification of them. I should be much surprised if Mr. Cozens-Hardy, or any independent person whose opinion may be taken on the subject, did not recognise the force of these observations."

Messrs. Benson replied on the 20th of July, 1881, inclosing a copy of Mr. Cozens-Hardy's opinion, and after dealing with the reasons given by Sir James Stephen for doubting the accuracy of Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's statement, they expressed as follows her

response to the suggestions made by Sir James Stephen in his letter of the 10th of June :—

"We are desired to state at the outset that Mrs. Carlyle declines to receive the proceeds of the 'Reminiscences' as a gift from Mr. Froude, but claims them in accordance with Mr. Cozens-Hardy's opinion as a right for the origin of which she will be indebted to her uncle and not to Mr. Froude, but we do not think a difference of opinion on this point between Mrs. Carlyle and Mr. Froude ought to affect any amicable arrangement which might otherwise be made.

"Having made this statement, we are instructed that Mrs. Carlyle is willing that a friendly settlement should be effected on the following terms :—

> "1. Mr. Froude at once to act upon his letter to the *Times* of 9th May, 1881, and deliver all the papers to Mrs. Carlyle.
>
> "2. The executors to sanction this delivery upon having either the written consent of the residuary legatees or a substantial and approved indemnity (which we believe we are in a position to offer) against any claim which may be made by any residuary legatee, whose written consent is not obtained, against the executors in respect of the papers so delivered.
>
> "3. Mr. Froude to give up all claim to any further use of or profit from the papers so delivered, which Mrs. Carlyle will treat as given to her by her uncle in his lifetime.
>
> "4. On the other hand, Mrs. Carlyle to give up the whole profits, present and future, as well as the copyright, of the "Reminiscences," so that as far as Mrs. Carlyle is concerned, Mr. Froude will at once receive for his own benefit £1,500 now in hand from this source."

Further correspondence took place, in the course of which there was a practical recognition of the justice of Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's claim by Sir James Stephen, for on the 19th of August, 1881, Messrs. Farrer, Ouvry & Co. wrote to Messrs. Benson in these terms: "We send you a copy of a letter that has been addressed to Mr. Froude, and Sir Fitz-James Stephen, who has sent it to us, points out that *Mrs. A. Carlyle, by giving the papers to Mr. Froude under the circumstances as stated by herself*, has

induced him to bestow several years of great labour upon them, and thus has practically contracted with him that he should write the life of the late Mr. Carlyle, using the papers as his materials."

To this Messrs. Benson replied that "Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, without entirely concurring with Sir James Stephen as to the extent of Mr. Froude's labours, has so far recognised the justice of the view expressed by him as to provide for the payment of a very considerable sum [the whole profits of the 'Reminiscences,' in respect of which £1,500 was in hand] to Mr. Froude as part of the proposed compromise."

In September, 1881, a long conference took place between Sir James Stephen and Dr. Benson at the office of Messrs. Farrer, Ouvry & Co. with a view to an amicable arrangement, but immediately after that conference Sir James Stephen addressed a letter to Mr. Farrer, to be forwarded to Dr. Benson, in which the following passages occurred :—

"I am not quite sure whether in the course of my conversation with Mr. Benson I made one point clear, namely, that if matters came to an extremity, Mr. Froude will not admit his liability, either legal or moral, to give Mrs. Carlyle any part of the proceeds of the 'Reminiscences.' He is, and always has been, willing to make over the amount, less £300, to her, *if she will accept it as a present from him.* For the sake of peace he is willing that the amount, less £300, shall be accepted by her without any statement being made as to her title to it, but if she rejects the money *as a present* and sues him for the papers and the £1,500, *he will stand on his rights and refuse to give her anything at all*, except what the law compels him to give, and he would take up this position whether the tribunal chosen was a court of law or an arbitrator. . . . Will you kindly send Mr. Benson a copy of this? I hope he will allow me to congratulate him on the good feeling and gentlemanlike manner which he showed in a matter which required much delicacy and also on his firmness and acuteness in respect of his client's interests. I may just add that I am quite convinced that Mr. Froude will not give way on the subject of writing Mr. Carlyle's Life. He feels that it would be injurious and humiliating to him to do so, and I entirely agree with him."

Strange doctrine to fall from the pen of a nineteenth-century jurist! True, says Sir James Stephen in effect, in his letter to Messrs. Benson, of 10th June, 1881, Carlyle intended his manuscripts for his niece. True, he added in his letter of the 5th July following, a claim to them by his executors would defeat his intentions and do no good to anyone. True, going back to his letter of the 10th June, Carlyle died in the faith of Froude's engagement, that his niece who solaced his declining years should have the profits of the "Reminiscences," and but for this faith would probably have made better provision for her; and yet! Unless Mrs. Alexander Carlyle will humble herself to accept as a present from Froude, on whom she had no claim, what she owed to her uncle; unless she will deny Froude's own statement that the "Reminiscences" were written by her uncle, and that there would be no propriety in his receiving the profits of them, and confess that on the contrary the profits are his, and that only his generosity and not his engagement with her uncle and herself can make them hers; unless she will do all this, then Froude will take advantage, and will be morally entitled to take advantage, and Carlyle's executors will help him to take advantage and will be morally entitled to do so, of the flaw in her legal title which Mr. Cozens-Hardy denied, but upon which Sir James Stephen insisted, to defeat Carlyle's intentions, and to deprive his niece of part of the provision made for her.

According to Sir James Stephen's letters of 10th June and 5th July, Carlyle's intentions and Froude's undertakings to give effect to them are beyond question, and only the claims of the executors and residuary legatees stand in the way. In September the claims of the executors and residuary legatees, which were never serious, have disappeared, and it is Froude who is to keep both papers and profits, unless Mrs. Alexander Carlyle will solicit his bounty. Froude's liability to fulfil his admitted engagement with Carlyle and his niece is acknowledged, only so long as Mrs. Alexander Carlyle refrains from asserting it. A moral debt is wiped out when the creditor insists on its payment!

Messrs. Benson replied to Sir James Stephen's letter by a letter to Messrs. Farrer, Ouvry & Co., which we give in full, as it is a clear and comprehensive statement of Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's case:—

1, Clement's Inn,
8th October, 1881.

Dear Sirs,—

We have your letter of the 20th of September, enclosing a copy of Sir James Stephen's letter to you which he wished us to see.

We are unwilling to prolong controversy on minor issues which may tend rather to obscure and complicate than clear the main issue, but we cannot leave Mr. Froude's view of his moral obligations as now expressed by Sir James Stephen on record in writing without similarly recording Mrs. Carlyle's reply.

We are dealing for the moment only with the moral aspect of a mixed question of law and morals.

We say that from this point of view the mode of settlement proposed by Mr. Froude involves no concession whatever on his part.

We understand Sir James Stephen to suggest that a voluntary gift is revocable on breach of an implied condition that its recipient shall expressly admit its voluntary character, and that Mr. Froude's obligations in respect both of the profits of the "Reminiscences" and of the disposition of the materials for the "Biography" were in their origin voluntary gifts.

We venture to doubt the major premiss.

Mr. Froude has emphatically denied the minor.

We purposely refrain from discussing the legal aspect of the question involved in the minor premiss, but we ask Sir James Stephen to consider what view Mr. Froude was morally bound to take of that question and the view he actually took.

First as regards the profits of the "Reminiscences." This part of the question has been simplified by the arrangement that Mr. Froude shall retain £300 in respect of his editorial labour and the extra profit consequent upon the addition of "Jane Welsh Carlyle" to the book.

In speaking of the profits of the "Reminiscences" therefore, we mean the profits less £300, and we omit to take further account of the matters in respect of which this deduction was arranged. What remains is to inquire whether Mr. Froude as a man of strict and sensitive honour might have retained for his own use the profits derived from the publication for Mr. Carlyle of a work written by Mr. Carlyle. Mr. Froude thought not and

said so. Here are his own words to Mr. and Mrs. A. Carlyle a month before the death of Mr. Thomas Carlyle: "The book was written by your uncle, not by me, and there would be no propriety in my receiving the money for it." But this is not all. Whether Mr. Froude might have retained the profits of the "Reminiscences" with propriety or not, he arranged with Mr. Thomas Carlyle in his lifetime that he would not do so, but would treat them in accordance with Mr. Carlyle's wishes on the subject as belonging to Mrs. A. Carlyle, and Mr. Thomas Carlyle died in the belief that these profits were part of the provision he had made for his niece. See the published correspondence between Messrs. Scribner and Messrs. Harper of New York. See also Mr. Froude's letters to Mrs. A. Carlyle dated 21 February, 1881, and 23 February, 1881.

In the former Mr. Froude says, "Of course you shall have every farthing that comes from the 'Reminiscences,' and I appeal to your good sense to acquit me of having attempted to go back from an engagement."

In the latter Mr. Froude warmly apologises for a confused memory having "led me to believe that I was free to arrange the details over again."

See also the Agreement on the subject between Mrs. A. Carlyle and Mr. Froude effected by Sir James Stephen and contained in Mrs. Carlyle's letter to him dated 27 February, 1881, and his reply of the same date. This would seem to include the assent of the Executors independently of their present willingness not to interfere with any arrangement which Mr. Froude may agree to on the subject. And finally we would refer in confirmation of our statements to the fact that in pursuance of this Agreement £1,500 has been actually placed in trust for Mrs. Carlyle and the interest of this sum paid by the Trustee to her.

Secondly, as regards the ultimate disposition of the materials of the "Biography" after having been used by Mr. Froude for the purpose of the "Biography," it is even plainer if possible than in the case of the profits of the "Reminiscences" that Mr. Froude is under an obligation (whether legal or moral is not to the present purpose) to deliver them to Mrs. Carlyle, and has not now, whatever may have been the case originally, any right to destroy them.

Here is Mr. Froude's language on the subject written to

Mrs. A. Carlyle on the 10th February, 1880, and shown to Mr. Thomas Carlyle a year before his death. "It has, however, long been settled that you were to have the entire collection when I had done with it. Even if nothing had been arranged about it, I should of course have replaced it in your hands."

Again, after Mr. Thomas Carlyle's death, Mr. Froude writes to Mrs. A. Carlyle under date 18th February, 1881: "His directions to me about the papers were originally emphatic—'Do not spare the flame; the more you burn the better.' It was not until the year before last that he desired me to return them to you when I had done with them," clearly implying that the directions to burn were cancelled by the subsequent instructions named.

Again, in the *Times* of 25th February, 1881, Mr. Froude wrote, "The papers belong to his niece, Mrs. A. Carlyle, to whom he directed me to return them."

We venture to think that with these considerations before him, Sir James Stephen will admit that Mr. Froude, as a man of sensitive honour, cannot now, and whatever course his dispute with Mrs. Carlyle may take, never could refuse to recognise his pledges in respect of the profits of the "Reminiscences" and the ultimate disposition of the materials for the Biography; least of all on the ground that Mrs. Carlyle concurs in Mr. Froude's own estimate of the character of those pledges.

If a friendly settlement should be come to involving the receipt by Mrs. Carlyle of the profits of the "Reminiscences" and the materials for the Biography without the withdrawal of the present contention on the part of Mr. Froude that such receipt is by his voluntary gift, the result would be a concession on the part, not of Mr. Froude, but of Mrs. Carlyle, and one which at present Mrs. Carlyle is unwilling to make.

The only other concession which Sir James Stephen refers to does not proceed from Mr. Froude, but from the executors. We do not attach much weight to the suggestion that the literary remains of Mr. Thomas Carlyle may be held to belong to the executors personally, especially if it is grounded upon the supposition of their having no intrinsic value, for we cannot doubt that if they were offered to the public as they stand there would be considerable competition for them. We presume the executors are taking, and will take, a reasonable view of their

II.

Professor Charles Eliot Norton on Froude.

In recent discussions on the Carlyle controversy nothing has been more remarkable than the entire ignorance of its origins and merits betrayed by some of those who have written about it, especially by those who have done so most dogmatically. This is no doubt owing to the fact that the Press is now largely manned by young men who knew not Thomas, or James Anthony, and who have not access to the crushing criticisms with which the writings of the latter about the former were received at the time of their appearance. Of these criticisms there were none more crushing, albeit gently and even gingerly applied, than those of Professor Charles Eliot Norton in his Edition of the "Reminiscences" and of the "Early Letters" of Carlyle. These must have been *peine forte et dure* to Froude, but he endured them silently and no compurgators appeared. It is only now when the books containing them are only to be met with in some secondhand booksellers' shop, that an attempt is made in "My Relations with Carlyle"—a feeble and futile attempt—to answer one or two of the least damaging of them. As Professor Norton is an eminent authority amongst literary men, both in this country and in America, we think it well to recall one or two of his strictures on Froude's biographical methods in addition to those referred to in the text.

With reference to Froude's "Life of Carlyle," Professor Norton writes:—

"'Express biography of me I had really rather that there should be none,' said Carlyle in his Will, and a biography of him, correct at least if meagre, might perhaps have been gathered from his letters, his *Reminiscences* and the *Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*. Mr. Froude, however, thought otherwise, and has given to the public an 'express biography of him.' The view of Mr. Carlyle's character presented in this biography has not approved itself to many of those who knew Carlyle best. It may be a striking picture, but it is not a good portrait.

"For the present, at least, it appears impracticable to prepare

another formal biography. The peculiar style of Mr. Froude's performance, already in possession of the field, might perhaps put a portrait of Carlyle drawn by a hand more faithful to nature, and less skilled in fine artifices than his own, at a temporary disadvantage with the bulk of readers. But it has seemed right to print some of Carlyle's letters in such wise that with his *Reminiscences* they might serve as a partial autobiography, and illustrate his character by unquestionable evidence. They do not indeed afford a complete portrait; but so far as they go the lines will be correct."

With regard to the love letters, Professor Norton writes:—

"As to what use I might be justified in making of another series of letters at my disposal, those from Carlyle to Miss Welsh from their first acquaintance in 1821 until their marriage in 1826, I have felt grave doubts. The letters of lovers are sacred confidences, whose sanctity none ought to violate. Mr. Froude's use of these letters seems to me, on general grounds, unjustifiable, and the motives he alleges for it inadequate. But Carlyle himself had strictly forbidden their printing. When he was editing the *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, of her letters to him, and of his to her, which were written before their marriage, only one short note from Miss Welsh, dated 3rd September, 1825, printed by Mr. Froude (*Life*, I., 308, 309), could be found; the rest were missing. To the copy of this short note Carlyle appends the words, 'In pencil all but the address. Original strangely saved; and found accidentally in one of the presses to-day. HER note, when put down by the coach, on that visit to us at Hoddam Hill in September, 1825! How mournful now, how beautiful and strange! A relic to me priceless (T. C., 12th March, 1868).' As to the then missing Letters written before their marriage, his and Miss Welsh's, Carlyle, in the original manuscript from which the copy given to Mr. Froude was made, says, 'My strict command now is, "burn them, if ever found. Let no third party read them; let no *printing* of them, or of any part of them, be ever thought of by those who love me!"'

"I decided not to open the parcels containing these letters. But I was gradually led by many facts to the conviction that Mr. Froude had distorted their significance, and had given a view of the relations between Carlyle and his future wife, in

essential respects incorrect and injurious to their memory. I therefore felt obliged to read these letters, which I have done with extreme reluctance, and with reverential respect for the sacredness of their contents. The conviction which determined me to read them was confirmed by the perusal. The question then arose whether further publication of them was justifiable for the sake of correcting the view presented by Mr. Froude. The answer seemed plain, that only such of these letters, or such portions of them, as had not any specifically private character, could rightly be printed. I have, therefore, printed comparatively few of Carlyle's letters to Miss Welsh, while, in an Appendix to Volume II., I have tried to set right some of the facts misrepresented by Mr. Froude, and to show his method of dealing with his materials."

"The nineteenth chapter of the first volume of Mr. Froude's *Life* is in great part occupied with an account of various projects considered by Carlyle and Miss Welsh, after their engagement, in regard to a place of residence and other necessary arrangements preliminary to marriage. Mr. Froude paints Carlyle as throughout selfish and inconsiderate of the interests of Miss Welsh and her Mother. But the letters which he prints complete or in part, as well as those which he does not print, do not seem to support this view. 'However deeply,' he says, 'she honoured her chosen husband, she could not hide from herself that he was selfish—extremely selfish' (page 337). This charge Miss Welsh may be allowed to deny for herself. 'I think you nothing but what is noble and wise.' 'At the bottom of my heart, far from censuring, I approve of your whole conduct' (4th March, 1826). 'It is now five years since we first met—five blessed years! During that period my opinion of you has never *wavered*, but gone on deliberately rising to a higher and higher degree of *regard*' (28th June, 1826).

"The apparent disposition to represent in an unpleasant light the character and conduct of Carlyle, as well as of Miss Welsh and her Mother, which marks Mr. Froude's narrative, is displayed in many minor disparaging statements, so made as to avoid arousing suspicion of their having little or no foundation, and arranged so as to contribute artfully to the general effect of depreciation. A single instance will suffice for illustration. On

page 337 Mr. Froude says, 'For her daughter's sake she [Mrs. Welsh] was willing to make an effort to like him, and, since the marriage was to be, either to live with him or to accept him as her son-in-law in her own house and in her own circle. . . . Mrs. Welsh had a large acquaintance. He liked none of them, and "her visitors would neither be diminished in numbers, nor bettered in quality." No! he must have the small house in Edinburgh; and "the moment he was master of a house the first use he would turn it to would be to slam the door against nauseous intruders."' The fact is that no such plan as would appear from Mr. Froude's statement was in question. The plan was, as Miss Welsh sets it forth in a letter of 1st February, 1826, that Carlyle was to hire a little house in Edinburgh, 'and next November we are to—hire one within some dozen yards of it, so that we may all live together like one family until such time as we are married, and after. I had infinite trouble in bringing my mother to give ear to this magnificent project. She was clear for giving up fortune, house-gear, everything to you and I [*sic*] and going to live with my poor old grandfather at Templand. . . . But how do you relish my plan? Should you not like to have such agreeable neighbours? We would walk together every day, and you would come and take tea with us at night. To me it seems as if the Kingdom of Heaven were at hand.' To this Carlyle replied, 9th February, 'What a bright project you have formed! Matured in a single night, like Jack's Bean in the Nursery Tale, and with houses in it too. Ah, Jane, Jane, I fear it will never answer half so well in practice as [it] does on paper. It is impossible for two households to live as if they were one; doubly impossible (if there were degrees of impossibility) in the present circumstances. I shall never get any enjoyment of your company till you are all my own. How often have you seen me with pleasure in the presence of others? How often with positive dissatisfaction? For your own sake I should rejoice to learn that you were settled in Edinburgh; a scene much fitter for you than your present one: but I had rather that it were with *me* than with any other. Are you sure that the number of *parties* and formal visitors would be diminished in number or bettered in quality, according to the present scheme?' [This refers to Miss Welsh's frequent complaint on this score. In one of her last letters, 8th December, 1825,

she had spoken of recent visitors at Haddington, and declared, 'This has been a more terrible infliction than anything that befell our friend Job.' Carlyle goes on] 'My very heart also sickens at these things: the moment I am master of a house the first use I turn it to will be to slam the door of it on the face of nauseous intrusions [not 'intruders,' as Mr. Froude prints], of all sorts which it can exclude.'

"On page 342 Mr. Froude says, 'When it had been proposed that he should live with Mrs. Welsh at Haddington, he would by consenting have spared the separation of a mother from an only child, and would not perhaps have hurt his own intellect by an effort of self-denial.'

"No proposal to live with Mrs. Welsh at Haddington was ever made. In a letter of 16th March, 1826, a part of which, including the following sentences, is printed by Mr. Froude himself (page 343), Miss Welsh says, 'My mother, like myself, has ceased to feel any contentment in this pitiful [not 'hateful' as printed] Haddington, and is bent on disposing of our house here as soon as may be, and hiring one elsewhere. Why should it not be in the vicinity of Edinburgh after all? and why should not you live with your wife in her [not 'your,' as printed] mother's house?'

"There is no foundation whatever for the statements (page 336) that 'all difficulties might be got over . . . if the family could be kept together,' and that 'this arrangement occurred to every one who was interested in the Welshes' welfare as the most obviously desirable.' Mrs. Welsh's 'consent to take Carlyle into the family . . . . made Miss Welsh perfectly happy.' Mrs. Welsh's consent does not appear to have ever been asked, much less to have been given to any such arrangement. In a part of Miss Welsh's letter of 16th March, not quoted by Mr. Froude, she says: 'I will propose the thing to my mother,' that is, the project that they should all live together, in case Carlyle should approve it. He wisely did not approve it. Mr. Froude's account of the whole matter is a tissue of confusion and misrepresentation.

"One more example of Mr. Froude's method, and I have done. The following passage is from page 358, it refers to arrangements for the journey to Edinburgh after the wedding. 'Carlyle, thrifty always, considered it might be expedient to "take seats in the coach from Dumfries." The coach would be safer than a

carriage, more certain of arriving, etc. So nervous was he, too, that he wished his brother John to accompany them on their journey—at least part of the way.'

"What foundation this insinuation of mean and tasteless thrift on Carlyle's part, and of silly nervousness, possesses, may be seen from the following extracts from a letter of Carlyle's of 19th September. 'One other most humble care is whether we can calculate on getting post horses and chaises all the way to Edinburgh without danger of let, or [if] it would not be better to take seats in the coach for some part of it? In this matter I suppose you can give me no light: perhaps your mother might. At all events tell me your *taste* in the business, for the coach *is* sure, if the other is not. . . . John and I will come to Glendinning's Inn the night before; he may ride with us the first stage if you like; then come back with the chaise, and return home on the back of Larry, richer by one *sister* (in relations) than he ever was. Poor Jack!'

"Such is the treatment that the most sacred parts of the lives of Carlyle and his wife receive at the hands of his trusted biographer! There is no need, I believe, to speak of it in the terms it deserves.

"The lives of Carlyle and his wife are not represented as they were in this book of Mr. Froude's. There was much that was sorrowful in their experience; much that was sad in their relations to each other. Their mutual love did not make them happy, did not supply them with the self-control required for happiness. Their faults often prevailed against their love, and yet 'with a thousand faults they were both,' as Carlyle said to Miss Welsh (25th May, 1823), 'true-hearted people.' And through all the dark vicissitudes of life love did not desert them. Blame each of them as one may for carelessness, hardness, bitterness, in the course of the years, one reads their lives wholly wrong unless he read in them that the love that had united them was beyond the power of fate and fault to ruin utterly, that more permanent than aught else it abided in the heart of each, and that in what they were to each other it remained the unalterable element."

III.

Mrs. Oliphant on Mrs. Carlyle and Froude.

Mrs. Oliphant was united by ties of the closest friendship to Mrs. Carlyle in her later years, and had special qualifications for understanding her highly complex, sensitive, and mobile nature. Herself characteristically Scotch, and with an intimate knowledge of her countrywomen, she could enter with sympathetic insight into those feelings and habits of thought of her friend, having their origin in inheritance and early nurture, which to the Southerner must often have remained obscure and unintelligible. Practised in the analysis of that puzzling and subtle compound—the female heart—her Miss Majoribanks, her Phœbe Beecham, and her Julia Herbert, show to what mastery in its chemistry she had attained—she was able to distinguish with delicate precision the true metal in Mrs. Carlyle's nature from the alloys fused into it by sickness and chagrin. An expert in biography—her "Life of Edward Irving" is an admirable performance—she knew how far in this species of literature revelations could properly go, and how necessary to it, is not only enthusiasm, but sober judgment, a sense of proportion and fidelity to truth. She was, therefore, singularly well entitled to judge of Froude's representation of her friend, and we should like to be able to reproduce the whole of her withering denunciation of him and his methods contained in an article which appeared in the "Contemporary Review" for May, 1883, and which was allowed to pass unanswered, although it was as unsparing in its criticism as the Introduction and Notes to the "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," which are said to have provoked the publication of "My Relations with Carlyle." We must, however, content ourselves with one or two extracts bearing in an illuminative way on points which have been dealt with in the text.

With regard to "The Letters and Memorials," as issued by Froude, Mrs. Oliphant says:—

"Mrs. Carlyle, the writer of the letters now given to the world in three large volumes, following in the wake of four other large volumes—all given to the elucidation of a portion of the life of a great writer, to whom very few things ever happened—has had

a cruel fate since the death of her husband deprived her of her last bulwark against that Nemesis known amongst men by the name of Froude. Her fate is all the harder that she really has done nothing to deserve it. She narrated freely all the events of her life as they occurred, according to the humour of the moment, and the gift that was in her: which was a very rare and fine gift, but one that naturally led to an instinctive seizing of all possible dramatic effects, and much humorous heightening of colour and deepening of interest. Her power of story-telling was extraordinary, as well as the whimsical humour that took hold of every ludicrous incident, and made out of a walk in the streets a whole amusing Odyssey of adventure; and it was one of the chief amusements of her house and her friends. What she thus did in speech she did also in her letters, with a vivacity and humour which lend something interesting even to the hundredth headache, domestic squabble, or house cleaning recorded. But all this was for her friends; there is not the slightest evidence that she, at least, ever intended these narratives for the world. She was the proudest woman—as proud and tenacious of her dignity as a savage chief. And of all things in the world, to be placed on a pedestal before men as a domestic martyr, an unhappy wife, the victim of a harsh husband, is the last which she would have tolerated. As a matter of fact, her whole existence has been violated, every scrap of decent drapery torn from her, and herself exhibited as perhaps never modest and proud matron was before to the comments of the world. Carlyle himself rushed upon his fate by his will and choice, by foolish belief in the flattering suggestion that everything that concerned him must be interesting to the world, and by a misplaced and too boundless trust in the friends of his later life. But Mrs. Carlyle did nothing to lay herself open to this fate. She did not confide her reputation to Mr. Froude, or give him leave to unveil her inmost life according to his own interpretation of it: and it is thus doubly hard upon her that she should have been made to play the part of heroine in the tragedy, which his pictorial and artistic instincts have made out of his master's life.

"It would be in vain to attempt to set this injured and outraged woman right with the world in respect of the earlier portion of her life, to which the biographer of her husband has given the turn that pleased him, under the almost, if not altogether, unanimous protest of all who knew her, but quite to the satisfaction of the

crowd who did not, and to whom, indeed, such a fine conventiona example of the hard fate of the wife of a man of genius was, perhaps, never afforded before. We may, perhaps, be permitted, however, to say, though with little hope of convincing any reader unacquainted with the class to which Mrs. Carlyle belonged, or either traditionally or personally with the Scotland of her time, that the assumption upon which Mr. Froude goes, of her immeasurable social superiority, and the tremendous descent she made in becoming the housekeeper and almost the domestic servant of her husband, is a mistake and misconception of the most fundamental kind. It has indeed the justification of Carlyle's own magniloquent description:—'From birth upwards she had lived in opulence' repeated in these volumes; but then Carlyle described his little house in Chelsea as made into a sort of palace by her exertions, which Mr. Froude and all her friends are aware was a good deal more than the fact. The 'opulence' of the country doctor's daughter was something of the same kind. Modest comfort, even luxury in a sober way, the highest estimation, and all the petting and pleasures that an only beloved child could be surrounded with, she no doubt had. But life in Haddington in the first quarter of this century was not like life in South Kensington in the present day. The woman's share of the world's work was very distinct, and was despised by no one. There is no evidence that Dr. Welsh was ever rich—so far, indeed, is the evidence against this, that his daughter had to make over the little property of Craigenputtock, in order to secure her mother's independence, leaving herself penniless. But even had she been left with a *dot*, proportioned to her position, and had she married one of her father's assistants, or a neighbouring minister—her natural fate—there is no reason to suppose that she would have been much more elevated above the cares of common life that she was as the wife of Thomas Carlyle. . . . The present writer, though of a later generation than Mrs. Carlyle, was trained to believe that a woman should be able to 'turn her hand' to any domestic duty that might be necessary. And the pathetic picture of an elegant young lady descending from her elevated sphere to make the bread, and even to mend the trousers of her husband, which has touched the sympathetic public to such indignation, is ludicrous to those to whom the fact of both positions is known."

With reference to the conjugal relations of the Carlyles, Mrs. Oliphant writes :—

"We confess for our own part that the manner of mind which can deduce from this long autobiography an idea injurious to the perfect union of these two kindred souls, is to us incomprehensible. They tormented each other, but not half as much as each tormented him and herself; they were too like each other, suffering in the same way from nerves disordered and digestion impaired, and excessive self-consciousness, and the absence of all other objects in their life. They were, in the fullest sense of the word, everything to each other—for good and evil, sole comforters, chief tormenters. 'Ill to hae but waur to want,' says the proverb, which must have been framed in view of some such exaggerated pair; perhaps, since the proverb is Scotch, the conditions of mind may be a national one. Sometimes Carlyle was 'ill to have,' but it is abundantly evident that he was 'waur to want,'—*i.e.*, to be without—to his wife. To him, though he wounded her in a hundred small matters, there is no evidence that she was ever anything else than the most desirable of women, understood and acknowledged as the setter-right of all things, the providence and first authority of life.

"If these two remarkable people had been, like others, allowed without any theory to tell their own story, and express their own sentiments, what we should now do would be to give our readers a glimpse, tranquilly, of the domestic economy of that little house, of which its mistress was justly proud, as a triumph of her own exertions, and its master somewhat grandiloquent upon, as something in itself more beautiful and remarkable than any house in Cheyne Row could ever be. We would tell them of her tea-parties, her evening visitors, of the little Peasweep of a maid who insisted on bringing up four teacups every evening, while Mrs. Carlyle and her mother were alone in the house, with a conviction, never disappointed, that 'the gentlemen' would drop in to use them; of how she bought her sofa, and adapted an old mattress to it, and made a cover for it, and so procured this comfort, at the small cost of one pound, out of her own private pocket; of how the cocks and hens next door, and the dog that would bark, and even the piano on the other side of the party-wall, were 'written down' by appeals to the magnanimity of the owners, on behalf of the unfortunate man of genius who could not get

his books written, or even by bribes cleverly administered when persuasion and reason both failed. The pages teem with domestic incidents in every kind of ornamental setting, all told with such an unfailing life and grace, that, had the facts themselves been of the first importance, they could not have charmed us more; and we do not grudge the three big volumes so filled, in which there is not from beginning to end an event more important than new painting and papering, new maid-servants, an illness or an expedition. But as circumstances stand, the reader is not sufficiently easy in his mind to be content with these, but has been so fretted and troubled by Mr. Froude and his theories, and the determination which moulds all that gentleman's thoughts to make out that Carlyle was a sort of ploughman-despot, and his wife an unwilling and resentful slave, that we must proceed first to find foundations for the house, of which we know more in all its details than perhaps of any house that has been built and furnished in this century. Was it founded on the rock of love and true union, or was it a mere four walls, no home at all, in which the rude master made his thrall labour for him, and crushed her delicate nature in return?"

Mrs. Oliphant supplies the answer to that question out of Mrs. Carlyle's own mouth, and shows from her letters how cruelly and egregiously Froude has erred in dealing with her relations with her husband. Touching on the submission of Mrs. Carlyle's private Journal to Miss Jewsbury by Froude, for the elucidation of its dark passages, Mrs. Oliphant says:—

"So Geraldine, in a piece of fine writing—words as untrue as ever words were, as every unprejudiced reader of this book will see for himself, and entirely contrary to that kind soul's ordinary testimony. Not a critic, so far as we are aware, has ever suggested that this proceeding was unjustifiable or outside of the limits of honour. Is it then permissible to outrage the memory of a wife, and betray her secrets because one has received as a gift her husband's papers? She gave no permission, left no authority for such a proceeding. Does the disability of women go so far as this? or is there no need for honour in respect to the dead? 'There ought to be no mystery about Carlyle,' says Mr. Froude. No, poor foolish, fond old man! there is no mystery about him henceforward, thanks to his own distracted babble of genius, first of all. But how about his wife? Did she authorise Mr. Froude to

unveil her most secret thoughts, her darkest hours of weakness, which even her husband passed reverently over? No woman of this generation, or of any other we are acquainted with, has had such desperate occasion to be saved from her friends: and public feeling and sense of honour must be at a low ebb indeed when no one ventures to stand up and to stigmatize as it deserves this betrayal and exposure of the secret of a woman's weakness, a secret which throws no light upon anything, which does not add to our knowledge either of her character or her husband's, and with which the public had nothing whatever to do!"

Would that Mrs. Oliphant were with us again—to write as she once did a whole number of Maga, and to stigmatize as they deserve the betrayals—far deeper than those which she has so vigorously condemned, which Froude, being dead, yet speaking, has perpetuated in "My Relations with Carlyle"!